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 The article on the COURTS OF LOVE was extracted from the *Retrospective Review*, and not from the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*.

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MUSEUM.

FROM THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

DETACHED THOUGHTS ON BOOKS AND READING.

To mind the inside of a book is to entertain one's self with the forced product of another man's brain. Now I think a man of quality and breeding may be much amused with the natural sprouts of his own.—*Lord Foppington in the Relapse.*

An ingenious acquaintance of my own was so much struck with this bright sally of his Lordship, that he has left off reading altogether, to the great improvement of his originality. At the hazard of losing some credit on this head, I must confess that I dedicate no inconsiderable portion of my time to other people's thoughts. I dream away my life in others' speculations. I love to lose myself in other men's minds. When I am not walking, I am reading; I cannot sit and think. Books think for me.

I have no repugnances. Shaftsbury is not too genteel for me, nor Jonathan Wild too low. I can read any thing which I call a *book*. There are things in that shape which I cannot allow for such.

In this catalogue of *books which are no books*—*biblia a-biblia*—I reckon Court Calendars, Directories, Pocket Books (the Literary excepted), Draught Boards bound and lettered at the back, Scientific Treatises, Almanacks, Statutes at Large; the works of Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, Beattie, Soame Jenyns, and, generally, all those volumes which “no gentleman's library should be without;” the Histories of Flavius Josephus (that learned Jew), and Paley's Moral Philosophy. With these exceptions, I can read almost any thing. I bless my stars for a taste so catholic, so unexcluding.

I confess that it moves my spleen to see these *things in books' clothing* perched upon shelves, like false saints, usurpers of true shrines, intruders into the sanctuary, thrusting out the legitimate occupants. To reach down a well-bound semblance of a volume, and hope it some kind-hearted play-book, then, opening what “seem its leaves,” to come bolt upon a withering Population Essay. To expect a Steele, or a Farquhar, and find—Adam Smith. To view a well arranged assortment of blockheaded Encyclopædias (Anglicanas or Metropolitanas) set out in an array of Russia, or Morocco, when a tythe of that good leather would comfortably re-clothe my shivering folios; would renovate Paracelsus himself, and enable old Raymund Lully—I have them both, reader—to look like himself again in the world. I never see these impostors, but I long to strip them, to warm my ragged veterans in their spoils.

To be strong-backed and neat-bound is the desideratum of a volume. Magnificence comes after. This, when it can be afforded, is not to be lavished upon all kinds of books indiscriminately. I would not dress a set of Magazines, for instance, in full suit. The dishabille, or half-binding (with Russia backs ever), is *our costume*. A Shakspeare, or a Milton (unless the first editions), it were mere foppery to trick out in gay apparel. The possession of them confers no distinction. The

exterior of them (the things themselves being so common), strange to say, raises no sweet emotions, no tickling sense of property in the owner. Thomson's *Seasons*, again, looks best (I maintain it) a little torn, and dog's-eared. How beautiful to a genuine lover of reading are the sullied leaves, and worn out appearance, nay, the very odour (beyond Russia), if we would not forget kind feelings in fastidiousness, of an old "Circulating Library" *Tom Jones*, or *Vicar of Wakefield*! How they speak of the thousand thumbs, which have turned over their pages with delight!—of the lone sempstress, whom they may have cheered (milliner, or harder-working mantua-maker) after her long days-needle toil, running far into midnight, when she has snatched an hour, ill spared from sleep, to steep her cares, as in some Lethæan cup, in spelling out their enchanting contents! Who would have them a whit less soiled? What better condition could we desire to see them in?

In some respects the better a book is, the less it demands from binding. *Fielding*, *Smollet*, *Sterne*, and all that class of perpetually self-reproductive volumes—Great Nature's Stereotypes—we see them individually perish with less regret, because we know the copies of them to be "eterne." But where a book is at once both good and rare—where the individual is almost the species, and when *that* perishes,

*We know not where is that Promethean torch
That can its light relumine—*

such a book, for instance, as the *Life of the Duke of Newcastle*, by his *Duchess*—no casket is rich enough, no casing sufficiently durable, to honour and keep safe such a jewel.

Not only rare volumes of this description, which seem hopeless ever to be reprinted; but old editions of writers, such as Sir Philip Sidney, Bishop Taylor, Milton in his prose works, Fuller—of whom we *have* reprints; yet the books themselves, though they go about, and are talked of here and there, we know, have not endenized themselves (nor possibly ever will) in the national heart, so as to become stock books—it is good to possess these in durable and costly covers.—I do not care for a *First Folio* of Shakspeare. You cannot make a *pet* book of an author whom every body reads. I rather prefer the common editions of *Rowe* and *Tonson*, without notes, and with *plates*, which, being so execrably bad, serve as maps, or modest remembrancers, to the text; and without pretending to any supposeable emulation with it, are so much better than the Shakspeare gallery *engravings*, which *did*. I have a community of feeling with my countrymen about his *Plays*; and I like those editions of him best, which have been oftenest tumbled about and handled.—On the contrary, I cannot read *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* but in *Folio*. The *Octavo* editions are painful to look at. I have no sympathy with them, nor with Mr. *Gifford's* *Ben Jonson*. If they were as much read as the current editions of the other poet, I should prefer them in that shape to the older one.—I do not know a more heartless sight than the reprint of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*. What need was there of unearthing the bones of that fantastic old great man, to expose them in a winding-sheet of the latest edition to modern censure? what hapless stationer could dream of *Burton* ever becoming popular?—The wretched *Malone* could not do worse, when he bribed the sexton of *Stratford*

church to let him whitewash the painted effigy of old Shakspeare, which stood there, in rude but lively fashion depicted, to the very colour of the cheek, the eye, the eye-brow, hair, the very dress he used to wear—the only authentic testimony we had, however imperfect, of these curious parts and parcels of him. They covered him over with a coat of white paint. By —, if I had been a justice of peace for Warwickshire, I would have clapt both commentator and sexton fast in the stocks for a pair of meddling sacrilegious varlets.

I think I see them at their work—these sapient trouble-tombs.

Shall I be thought fantastical, if I confess, that the names of some of our poets sound sweeter, and have a finer relish to the ear—to mine, at least—than that of Milton or of Shakspeare? It may be, that the latter are more staled and rung upon in common discourse. The sweetest names, and which carry a perfume in the mention, are, Kit Marlowe, Drayton, Drummond of Hawthornden, and Cowley.

Much depends upon *when* and *where* you read a book. In the five or six impatient minutes, before the dinner is quite ready, who would think of taking up the *Fairy Queen* for a stop-gap, or a volume of Bishop Andrewes' sermons?

Milton almost requires a solemn service of music to be played, before you enter upon him. But he brings his music—to which, who listens, had need bring docile thoughts and purged ears.

Winter evenings—the world shut out—with less of ceremony the gentle Shakspeare enters. At such a season, the *Tempest*—or his own *Winter's Tale*—

These two poets you cannot avoid reading aloud—to yourself, or (as it chances) to some single person listening. More than one—and it degenerates into an audience.

Books of quick interest, that hurry on for incidents, are for the eye to glide over solely. It will not do to read them out. I could never listen to even the better kind of modern novels without extreme irksomeness.

A newspaper, read out, is intolerable. In some of the Bank offices it is the custom (to save so much individual time) for one of the clerks—who is the best scholar—to commence upon the *Times*, or the *Chronicle*, and recite its entire contents aloud *pro bono publico*. With every advantage of lungs and elocution—the effect is singularly vapid. —In barbers' shops, and public-houses, a fellow will get up, and spell out a paragraph, which he communicates as some discovery. Another follows with *his* selection. So the entire journal transpires at length by piece-meal. Seldom-readers are slow readers, and, without this expedient no one in the company would probably ever travel through the contents of a whole paper.

Newspapers always excite curiosity. No one ever lays one down without a feeling of disappointment.

What an eternal time that gentleman in black, at Nando's, keeps the paper! I am sick of hearing the waiter bawling out incessantly, “the *Chronicle* is in hand, Sir.”

As in these little Diurnals I generally skip the Foreign News—the Debates—and the Politics—I find the *Morning Herald* by far the most entertaining of them. It is an agreeable miscellany, rather than a newspaper.

Coming in to an inn at night—having ordered your supper—what

can be more delightful than to find lying in the window-seat, left there time out of mind by the carelessness of some former guest—two or three numbers of the old Town and Country Magazine, with its amusing *tête-à-tête* pictures.—“The Royal Lover and Lady G——;” “the Melting Platonic and the old Beau,”—and such like antiquated scandal? Would you exchange it—at that time, and in that place—for a better book?

Poor Tobin, who latterly fell blind, did not regret it so much for the weightier kinds of reading—the *Paradise Lost*, or *Comus*, he could have *read* to him—but he missed the pleasure of skimming over with his own eye—a magazine, or a light pamphlet.

I should not care to be caught in the serious avenues of some cathedral alone, and reading—*Candide*!

I do not remember a more whimsical surprise than having been once detected—by a familiar damsel—reclined at my ease upon the grass, on Primrose Hill (her Cythera), reading—*Pamela*. There was nothing in the book to make a man seriously ashamed at the exposure; but, as she seated herself down by me, and seemed determined to read in company, I could have wished it had been—any other book.—We read on very sociably for a few pages; and, not finding the author much to her taste, she got up, and—went away. Gentle casuist, I leave it to thee to conjecture, whether the blush (for there was one between us) was the property of the nymph, or the swain, in this dilemma. From me you shall never get the secret.

I am not much a friend to out-of-doors reading. I cannot settle my spirits to it. I knew a Unitarian minister, who was generally to be seen upon Snow-hill (as yet Skinner’s-street *was not*), between the hours of ten and eleven in the morning, studying a volume of Lardner. I own this to have been a strain of abstraction beyond my reach. I used to admire how he sidled along, keeping clear of secular contacts. An illiterate encounter with a porter’s knot, or a bread-basket, would have quickly put to flight all the theology I am master of, and have left me worse than indifferent to the five points.

I was once amused—there is a pleasure in *affecting* affectation—at the indignation of a crowd that was justling in with me at the pit door of Covent Garden theatre, to have a sight of Master Betty—then at once in his dawn and his meridian—in Hamlet. I had been invited quite unexpectedly to join a party, whom I met near the door of the play-house, and I happened to have in my hand a large octavo of Johnson and Steevens’s Shakspeare, which, the time not admitting of my carrying it home, of course went with me to the theatre. Just in the very heat and pressure of the doors opening—the *rush*, as they term it—I deliberately held the volume over my head, open at the scene in which the young Roscius had been most cried up, and quietly read by the lamp-light. The clamour became universal. “The affectation of the fellow,” cried one. “Look at that gentleman *reading*, papa,” squeaked a young lady, who in her admiration of the novelty almost forgot her fears. I read on. “He ought to have his book knocked out of his hand,” exclaimed a pursy cit, whose arms were too fast pinioned to his side to suffer him to execute his kind intention. Still I read on—and, till the time came to pay my money, kept as unmoved, as Saint Antony at his Holy Offices, with the satyrs, apes, and hob-goblins, mopping, and making mouths at him, in the picture, while

the good man sits as undisturbed at the sight, as if he were sole tenant of the desert.—The individual rabble (I recognised more than one of their ugly faces) had damned a slight piece of mine but a few nights before, and I was determined the culprits should not a second time put me out of countenance.

There is a class of street-readers, whom I can never contemplate without affection—the poor gentry, who, not having wherewithal to buy, or hire, a book, filch a little learning at the open stalls—the owner, with his hard eye, casting envious looks at them all the while, and thinking when they will have done. Venturing tenderly, page after page, expecting every moment when he shall interpose his interdict, and yet unable to deny themselves the gratification, they “snatch a fearful joy.” Martin B—, in this way, by daily fragments, got through two volumes of *Clarissa*, when the stall keeper damped his laudable ambition, by asking him (it was in his younger days) whether he meant to purchase the work. M. declares, that under no circumstances of his life did he ever peruse a book with half the satisfaction which he took in those uneasy snatches.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

ON THE METAPHYSICS OF MUSIC, AND THEIR ACCORDANCE WITH MODERN PRACTICE.

“I say silver sound, because Musicians sound for silver.”—*Romeo and Juliet*.

MR. NORTH,—Were you ever at a concert? If you ever were, the lines of your expressive physiognomy must have been “worth the marking.” As you observed the nimble bows of the musicians dance, and quiver, and bound, upon the tortured strings—the conceit of the player—the affectation of the amateur—the nonchalance and lassitude of the fashionable lounger—the men with pale stone faces, looking half asleep like busts—the ladies attentive by starts, and then, ever and anon, relapsing into chit-chat; until vainly trusting for impunity to the noise of a “tutti,” in some pitiless overture, they are at once betrayed, by some sudden pause of a bar, which the composer (God knows why—he cannot tell himself) has interposed at so inconvenient a juncture. As you gazed upon all these things, Mr. North, I suspect your countenance must have discovered some distinguishing signs of lurking scepticism as to the merits of so strange a scene. Do not be alarmed—the matter is between ourselves. Far be it from me to attempt to seduce you into putting your *imprimatur* upon any set of unfashionable opinions. That is not your way—still one cannot help thinking, that had doubts and difficulties not been sticking like a remora to the bottom of your understanding, you would ere this have put forth an unanswerable exposition of the sublimities of modern music.—You must own it is strange, that the admirers and cultivators of modern science have not invented any thing like a consistent theory of musical expression—nay, that the vague ideas of most writers on music, with relation to its expression, embody the very principles, which, in their full extent, are most inimical to modern practice. Nor will it be less odd, if musical reasoners, as well as composers, have

just admitted into their works meaning enough to show their abuse of those laws upon which it is naturally founded. To come however to the point.

Music may be briefly defined to be *the Poetry of Sound*. It seems to be agreed on all hands, that its province and end is to express poetically, by means of inarticulate sounds, certain passions and feelings incident to human nature. This is involved both in the practice and phraseology of all musical people. From the earliest times, the lover has interested his mistress, and the general excited his troops, by means of music and song; and composers have, from time immemorial, affixed to their compositions words and expressions of direction, which imply that the pieces to be played either have, or pretend to have, some connexion with the feelings of the auditor. We have as many marginal hints as in a German tragedy, and much to the same purpose, and generally quite as much needed. Now if a tune is to be "amoroso," or "maestoso," or "agitato," or "pastorale," or "spiritoso," —in plain English, if musical sound is to express sentiment or passion, it can only do so in one of these two ways. Either the notes singly, or in some known combinations, must, as words are, be understood to be arbitrary signs of the things to be expressed by them;—or else they must express passions and feelings by copying so nearly, that the likeness may be recognised, those sounds which nature has appropriated to the expression of those passions and feelings. The first of these modes* has never, I believe, been contended for. Arbitrary significations have indeed been attempted, by fanciful individuals, to be affixed to the peculiarities of the tones of different musical instruments; but these fancies have not been generally received. To the notes or divisions of notes of the musical scale, however, meanings of this sort have been never attributed. Crotchets and quavers have never been invested with the powers of letters; neither have they been made to stand for whole words, like the characters of the Chinese alphabet. It should seem then, that if melody is expressive at all, it must be so by imitation—and by imitation of that which is sufficiently familiar to the minds of men in general, to render likely a general recognition of the resemblance. That peculiar intonations of voice, in the expression of certain passions and feelings, are common not only to whole nations, but, with some varieties, to mankind in general, is a fact that experience teaches. It is observable too, that of all others, the people whose language has least variety of natural intonation, have been least successful in music,—I mean the French. The tones as well as the looks of love, jealousy, anger, revenge, joy, or despair, need only to be exhibited by the actor, to be at once felt and known. Tones, in fact, are of as great consequence as words, inasmuch as by varying them, a sentence of praise may be turned into one of irony, love into ridicule, and rage into humour. It is by a reference, then, to these well-known intonations of passion, that the meaning of a combination of musical sounds is to be ascertained. But the imitation is not a servile one. The musician, like the poet, is to preserve a rhythmical regularity; he is to conform to certain laws and limitations; and, above all, to impart a poetical heightening to his euphonic delineations, without overstepping the modesty of na-

* Vide *Musical Queries, &c.* Vol. V. pp. 399, 556, 694.

ture. He is to marry the poetical to the natural in sound, neither dividing the substance nor confounding the persons; a delicate task, and one which exalts the original musician into a poet. He is a bard who expresses himself in musical instead of articulate sounds; and, to read his compositions, we must learn to sing or play, or else have them read to us by those who can.

It is this poetical imitation of the natural tones of passion, which is the origin and essence of musical expression. Other imitations have indeed been introduced into modern composition; but they do not deserve the name of expression, and are of a nature totally dissimilar. They, in fact, depend, for the most part, upon the peculiar tone of the instrument employed, and not upon abstract resemblance, as the poetical imitation of the rises and falls of passion must do.—Thus we have storm-pieces for the piano-forte, in which the lower keys are rumbled into a sort of thunder, and the higher “tipped” to resemble drops of rain or hail. We have shrill fac-similes of the whistling of birds, and battles, in which the great-drum is thumped for cannon, and the kettle-drum rattled in the manner of the galloping of horses; but to what do all these peculiarities amount? Why, to a proof that a piano-forte can rumble something like distant thunder, and “drip, drip,” as Mr. Coleridge would say, like “water-drops;” that an octave-flute is not very unlike the whistle of a bird, and the percussion of a double-drum nearly as bad as the “report of a culverin.” They delineate no passion, nor can they excite any, excepting indirectly, and by chance. The curiosity they gratify is trifling, and it can only be once gratified. One reason certainly, why compositions of this sort must please a certain class of hearers, is their artful and complicated mechanism,—but more of this by and by.

Harmony is, or ought to be, the handmaid of melody. It cannot be denied, however, that it includes in itself the power of pleasurable excitement. For proof of the existence of this excitement, we may appeal to facts. The sound of an *Æolian* harp, for instance, is pleasing merely from the chords. The order in which they are produced is the work of chance. The excitement would seem to be direct, and to act strongly upon the nerves as a stimulus. Indeed, sounds produced simultaneously, for the most part, act strongly upon the nerves. The excitement caused by discords, however, is disagreeable, and with some persons so violently efficient as to induce that nervous affection, called “teeth on edge.” In Mozart, when a child, it produced convulsions. That chord and discord are only varieties of nervous vibration, seems pretty evident in the fact, that those who are incapable of pleasure from the one, are also nearly, in a like degree, insensible of pain from the other. The excitation from harmony, has likewise, in some instances, been known to have brought on fainting and stupor, with persons of an irritable temperament. From all this, it appears to follow then, that the pleasure arising from harmony, be it as intense as it will, is a bodily rather than a mental pleasure. It is a dram taken by the ear, only the exhilaration is transient like that of the nitrous oxide. It does not act through the intellect, but goes directly to the nervous system. We must be allowed, therefore, to conclude, that the pleasure of harmony is inferior in its nature to that of melody; and that melody ought not to be sacrificed to it, nor put beneath it, as has long been the case. The invention of counterpoint

has so far been the bane of melody. The mathematical has overrun the poetical. The mechanical has overlaid the intellectual. Nor is this to be wondered at. The thing is capable both of explanation and excuse.

It is asserted somewhere by Rousseau, no mean judge of such matters, that the musical world may be divided into three classes: Those who are capable of feeling the intellectual part of music, who are generally men with something of a poetical temperament, and no very correct ear for harmony—Those who have an ear for harmony, and a taste for harmonious arrangement, but whose feelings are not excited by expressive melody, and who are, for the most part, men deficient in imagination; and, lastly, those who unite these two qualifications—a class, says Rousseau, rather rare. In this judgment of the celebrated citizen of Geneva, I must own that my limited observation, as far as it goes, strongly inclines me to concur. Now, if this idea be founded in truth, the consequent changes in the world of music are of natural occurrence: nor is it easy to conceive how they could have been materially different.

Before the discovery of counterpoint and of the present accurate system of musical notation, the science (if science it could be called) of music was limited to the composition and repetition of a few simple airs. The harmonies, when harmony was attempted, were mean and monotonous, and the composer or performer possessed little means and less inclination to improve this branch of his art. Indeed, if the date of many of the finest old airs be as modern as some contend, the indifference of the bards who composed them, to harmonious accompaniment, is almost incredible. They must of necessity have been aware of the improved arrangement of harmonies, and of the passion for that arrangement, which had then been spread, chiefly by the ministers of religion, over all Europe. Yet so little have the minds of the poets, who conceived those melodies, condescended to invest themselves in the trammels of science, that of those exquisite remains, there are few which do not violate some of the rules of composition, and scarcely any which, without injury to the melody, admit of a moderately full or scientific accompaniment. Be this, however, as it may, it is clear enough that the number of the individuals who lived either by the composition or performance of those airs, could not have been great, and in all likelihood was small. The whole of the known music about that period would, perhaps, not equal in bulk the thousandth part of the composition of the last ten years; and probably not one of the composers was the author of as many of those imperishable melodies as would fill a modern folio second page. The religious music of the ages prior to the invention of counterpoint, would seem to have been very deficient. It was necessarily simple; and where all passions save that of devotion were forbidden, melody naturally became either monotonous or unimpassioned; at last, probably both.

In this state of things, counterpoint and the phrenzy for complete harmony, which to this hour is only subsiding, effected a radical and total change. A new order of men, that is to say, Rousseau's second class, became, from their numbers, and from the endless variety of which the description of music they cultivated is susceptible, the Lords of the Ascendant. The power of employing a multiplicity of

voices and of instruments in chapels and cathedrals, was immediately turned to account. The church was omnipotent; and the "Maestro di Capella" was only another name for the best musician in the place. The expressive but simple airs of the obscure bards, who in all countries have composed what is called "national melody," were at once buried under an avalanche of motets, canons, masses, requiems, anthems, hymns, psalms, and choruses. To these were quickly added fugues, symphonies, sonatas, duetts, quartetts, quintetts, and all the varieties of what has been called "Chamber-music." It is a mistake to imagine that the complication of harmony has been a taste gradually acquired. It was a phrenzy sudden and irresistible, both from its novelty and from the real effects it is capable of producing. Those with the truest feeling of musical expression were naturally more or less captivated, like others, by the excitement of harmonious accompaniment. Those whose feelings were in the ear alone, rushed forward to claim pre-eminence for the elaborate and injurious additions which excited with such effect their grosser sensations. Science too was formally enlisted in the service; and mathematicians, with neither ear nor feeling, eagerly caught at consequence in a department where they had never dreamed of shining. The elegantly-turned sentiment of Heinsius, "*Harmoniae pater est numerus*," was carried to its full extent. Some of the wonderfully elaborate movements of the early harmonists show the extremes to which this mania carried them. Doubtless these harmonies were crude and harsh, and often barbarous, and later science has done much in sweetening their discordant chords, and refining their awkward modulations. Still as the knowledge of harmonies has extended, it is undeniable that harmonious composition has, upon the whole, been simplified. Hasse, Vinci, and Sebastian Bach, and then Handel, began to improve and polish the melody so neglected by their predecessors; and, as Dr. Burney expresses it, to "thin the accompaniments" that, like untrimmed underwood, choked up and smothered what they were meant to adorn.

We have heard many complaints of the modern rage for in musical accomplishment. Men of more refined taste have joined Mr. Cobbett in vituperating that indiscriminating thirst for sound, which would send honest farmers' daughters "to make a villainous noise on the piano." But this is comparatively nothing to the extent to which musical education was carried during the reigns of Elizabeth and James. The class through which it was possible to extend it was of course, at that period, much smaller than at present. But where it did form any part of education, and it did so of that of every gentleman, it seems to have been pushed to a great extreme. Few persons of a certain rank were then to be found who could not play, and with superior execution, on at least one instrument; and, where nature permitted, take a part in vocal compositions; the awkward and forced complexities of which, certainly did not tend to diminish their difficulty, however they might detract from their real merit. This fever of harmonies had subsided in England, until the establishment of the Italian opera, and the celebrity of Handel, in some sort revived it. The quarrels of the furious partisans of Faustina and Cuzzoni, and the homage paid to Nicolini, and afterwards to Farinelli, are strong symptoms of what is called the revival of music in England. A great step, however, was gained. Throughout the musical world, melody, forgotten

and despised so long, began again to be attended to. Corelli and others are known to have been so far sensible of the excellence of some of the old airs, both of their own and of other countries, as to have made them the groundwork of many of their sonatas. From about this period, the national melodies of Italy, of Scotland, and of Ireland, may, it is said, be traced in the compositions of the best masters. Some of the most celebrated operatic songs now known, have the same origin. And if a single instance may suffice, I may mention, that the far-famed “*Nel cor piu*” is taken, almost note for note, from an old Sicilian ballad. The success of the opera was an acknowledgement that songs are essentially dramatic; and it is confessed, in words at least, that, to the finished musician, feeling and expression are as necessary as science.

If such be a tolerably correct sketch of the progress of this art; and if, as the course of events has seemed to indicate, the hypothesis of Rousseau be founded in truth, a key is afforded to the explanation of the many anomalies which music, in its modern practice, presents. That natural melody should be both neglected and depraved, appears to have been inevitable. The difficulties against which it has to struggle, are immovable and overpowering. It is a most unequal conflict, to set Mr. Coleridge’s “blind boy,” with his “pipe of syacamore,” be his “notes as strangely moving” as they will, against the crash of a whole orchestra. Expressive melody must ever be in danger of being overwhelmed by mere harmony; and they who essay to rescue her from the depths of thorough bass, must, like Hotspur, dare

“To dive unto the bottom of a sea
Where fathom’d-line did never touch the ground,
And pluck up drown’d melody by the locks.”

It is a question, whether one air, during the last hundred years, has been composed by a professed musician, with any direct and intentional reference to any principle in nature, upon which musical expression can be founded. Strong as the assertion may seem, the chances are, that he who embraces music as a profession, and goes through an elaborate musical education, is less likely than other men to produce a naturally expressive combination of sound. This is no paradox, whatever may be thought of it. The fact is, that the harmonists have exterminated the melodists, as the great missal thrush does the common mavis. The race of bards, half poets half musicians, has disappeared, because it is next to impossible that such a being should continue to exist; nor, if he could, would he dare to bring forward one original composition. Ranking amongst the profounder studies, constituting a lucrative branch of trade, and giving employment to thousands, harmony must go nigh to overturn melody, by its very weight and momentum, if by nothing else. It is all-pervading. Now, who does not know how difficult it is for the greatest poetical genius to free himself, in any considerable degree, of those common-places and idioms which long custom, and eternal repetition of versifiers, have made a habit almost as inevitable as a natural tendency. In music this is ten times worse. The common-place “musical phrases,” as they are styled, which have spread themselves every where through the medium of the voluminous and endless compositions of science,

have of necessity become almost a part of the nature of every one who is possessed of a musical ear. They fly abroad "upon the wings of the wind," like the feathered seeds of the thistle or dandelion. There is no avoiding them. We hear them by day and by night; in the theatre, in the street, in the church, in the ball-room. Like Pharaoh's plagues, they follow us into our very chambers. The difficulty of original composition is thus increased a hundred-fold, and the most determined cultivator of simple, expressive melody, will find himself, at every step, sliding into some of the innumerable artificial turns or modulations with which constant custom has indelibly impressed his imagination. Should a composer of expressive airs, in a style similar to that of the old melodies, exist at this moment, he would be denied the very name of musician. He would be hooted at by nine out of ten, and for three or four different reasons. He would be told that his music required no execution; he would hear it called simple stuff that a child might play or sing; he would be twitted with monotony of key; he would be reproached with not concluding upon the key-note, and with a score of other offences against rules of which he and nature knew nothing. He would be accused, as every musician who has dared to verge towards simplicity has been, of want of science. This was the fate of Piccini, of Pleyell, and of Shield. The constant craving for variety and for difficulty—the superior extent of the class of those who are affected by harmony only—and the consequent multiplicity of its professor's publications, exhibitions, and gains, must probably always give scientific music a preponderance. He only can be celebrated, who either distinguishes himself in elaborate composition, or in the performance of almost impossibilities of vocal or instrumental execution.

That no alteration can take place in the present state of music, it would be presumption to say. That, since the invention of counterpoint, it has altered materially, though slowly, cannot be doubted. The advances, too, towards natural expression, however faint or sophisticated, are such as prove some recognizance of that principle of poetical imitation which seems to be the foundation of musical expression. That much of modern practice is totally inconsistent, and at direct variance with that principle, is true. It may be difficult to imagine how it has happened that, admitting so much, the whole has not followed—but the fact is so.

If we look over a collection of modern music, we shall find, that, in the management of the time, the principle of natural imitation has been, upon the whole, adhered to. As in nature, grief expresses itself slowly, and joy rapidly; so in modern compositions, as well as in the old airs, the *vivaces* are played quickly, and the *affetuoso*s more slowly. As in nature, we find that passion hurries particular words and tones, although the general effect is plaintive and slow, so in the old pathetic airs we find that semiquavers to the extent of two or four at once, are generally and judiciously used. In modern music, the same principle seems to be decidedly admitted; but pushed by a love of novelty and of execution to an excess which, far o'erstepping the modesty of nature, of course totally mars the effect originally intended. To the exaggerations of the stage may be traced many of the corruptions of musical expression; and it seems to be probable, that the introduction of long hurried hubbubs of passages into airs essentially

slow, has been much encouraged by theatrical performances. Be this as it may, it would be an easy matter to point out a score or two of scientific adagios and largos which a person, unable to read music, and not having the real notes as written, and the divisions of the bars in his mind's eye, would never discover to be in essentially slow time. The only effect of such composition upon unlearned hearers, is to surprise and confound them. As to touching the finer feelings, the thing is out of the question; indeed, the evident intention of the composer is to take advantage of the slowness of the time, in order to exhibit his own skill and that of the performer, in running through divisions and subdivisions. In the management of piano and forte the same principle of imitation may be traced, however faintly. All natural "discourses" of passion are alternations of softness swelling into loudness, and loudness dying into softness, as the gusts of feeling rise and fall. In expressive pathetic airs the imitation is accordingly true to nature. But in modern compositions, especially of the "lengthy sort," though the practice remain, and in full force—the reason for it is gone. Ask a musician why such a forte and such a piano are marked, and he only answers you with some vague and indefinite appeal to taste or to precedent. He calls it "*light and shade*;" but what rule is there for the distribution of light and shade over a surface where no intelligible form, no natural picture is delineated. We may indeed "*marble*" such a surface; but if the lights were shadowed and the shadows lightened—if the *ff's* were turned into *pps*, and the *pps* into *ff's*, what difference could it make? It is easy to give emphasis to that which is destitute of meaning, just as a boy reading Latin "nonsense-verses" at school, applies to them the same intonations that he is taught to give to a line of Virgil. This is only a trick, however, to make that look something like sense, which in reality is devoid of it, and if the emphasis were reversed, it would do just as well. The most glaring instance, perhaps, of the united use and abuse of imitation in modern scientific musical expression, is the "shake." The shake is in reality the poetical heightening of that tremulous effect of the voice which is always produced, especially at the close of a sentence where the tongue begins to drop, by intense feeling. In accordance with this law, in all music the shake is introduced towards the close of a passage, which usually descends. The natural shake is any thing but that which musicians call a perfect shake. It is a tremulous imperfect vibration, and not a violent and distinct oscillation between two tones, which is a matter of most difficult vocal acquirement. In nature it rarely occupies more time than would be required for a crotchet in a common time Andante movement. In modern compositions, however, it is no unusual thing for it to occupy a whole bar of four crotchets—nay, two such bars—and upon exaggerations like these composers pride themselves.

So thoroughly forgotten are the natural reasons upon which these monstrosities have been originally built, that in treatises on musical composition they are not even attempted to be accounted for. The reader may look in vain for any intellectual explanation of the origin of piano and of forte, or of shakes or trills, or retardations, or pauses. He is taught by experience to expect the occurrence of such things in certain places, and after passages of a certain description—but why, he is not told and he need not inquire. In the well known book of

Avison, the foundation of musical expression is hardly once attempted to be evolved, and for the detection of the very principle on which the treatise professes to hinge, we are referred—to nature? no—but to the scores of Geminiani, Crescembini and Corelli! Mr. Ralph in his pamphlet does nearly the same thing. Dr. Burney at times seems to recognise the origin of expression in melody in the imitation of nature, but generally contradicts himself in the next page, floundering between the effects of melody and harmony; sometimes speaking of them as distinct things, and sometimes confounding them together.* Both in the practice and theory of vocal and instrumental performers, the same ignorance, or neglect, of any resort to nature for the explanation of melodious meaning, is exhibited. Scientific singing and playing constantly degenerate into a display of trickery. We are called to attend to exhibitions of the voice and hand, which have as little reference to natural intonation as the twirls of a high French ballet have to graceful motion. Of the indifference of most professional singers to the meaning of the airs they sing, their indifference to the quality of the words is a stubborn evidence. They will as soon attach dog-grel trash to a favourite tune as the effusions of our best poets. A glaring instance of this is the stuff which Mr. Braham and others are content to tack to the melody of Robin Adair, although the best song-writers which this country or perhaps any other ever produced—Burns and Moore—have written beautiful and appropriate songs to this very air. Foote, in his *Commissary*, has admirably ridiculed this piece of ill taste. Hear Dr. Catgut's account of the approved mode of writing a comic opera: “Last week, in a ramble to Dulwich, I made these rhymes into a duet for a new comic opera I have upon the stocks. Mind—for I look upon the words as a model for that kind of writing.”

First *she*.—“There to see the sluggish ass,
Thro' the meadows as we pass,
Eating up the farmer's grass,
Blythe and merry, by the mass,
As a little country lass.”
Then *he* replies,—“Hear the farmer cry out zounds!
As he trudges thro' the grounds,
Yonder beast has broke my mounds;
If the parish has no pounds,
Kill, and give him to the hounds.”

Then *Da Capo*, both join in repeating the last stanza; and this tacked to a tolerable tune will serve you for a couple of months—*you observe.*” In the same spirit of ridicule Sir Richard Steele makes Trim, in his comedy of the *Funeral*, sing Campley's *Cheque* for three hundred pounds; repeating, “hundred—hundred—hundred—because there are three hundred;” a better reason than can be given for most repetitions in music. With indifference to expression bad taste necessarily comes in. If we criticise the practice of musical people, we

* In his account of the performances at Westminster Abbey, in commemoration of Handel, he talks of the sublimity of effect produced by the multitude of voices and instruments, as if it were something peculiar to the music; forgetting that this kind of sublimity is common to all loud sounds, whether arising from shouting, from thunder, from the firing of cannon, the waves of the sea, or —— Don Quixote's fulling mills.

shall every where find that vagueness and inconsistency which always are the result of a want of reference to first principles. Thus a celebrated vocalist of the day, in that marvellously mawkish ballad, "the Bewildered Maid," gives the word, "battle," with a furious accent—"in King Cambyses' vein," although the passage in which it occurs is one of melancholy and quiet narrative. I have heard a person of reputed musical refinement laud the setting of the words, "follow, follow," in the well-known Mermaid's song, "because the notes seemed to follow each other"—a brilliant musical illustration of oratorical action, so ingeniously applied to that famous line,

"The long—long—round—of ten revolving—years."

Nay, I have been told, on inquiring why a *forte* was to be followed by a *piano* in the repetition of the two dotted crotchets in "Fly not yet," that it was *an echo!* In Bombet's Lives of Haydn and Mozart, some notable specimens of musical criticism occur. The best, perhaps, is the chuckling self-satisfied way in which he favours us with the edifying anecdote of Mozart's composing the admired overture to *Don Juan* whilst drunk and sleepy. He absolutely hugs himself on the idea of having discovered, in the leading passage, a striking resemblance to the half-yawn half-snore which the nodding composer might be supposed to emit at intervals. Now, what, in the name of common sense, has this to do with *Don Juan*? or in what way could it be a suitable overture to the exploits of that fiery hero, or, indeed, to those of any body else, unless the celebrated journal of *Drunken Barnaby* be dramatized and brought upon the stage.

If we inquire into the particulars of the admiration expressed for airs and songs in general, we continually discover either that the difficulty and trick of the execution, or the general smoothness and harmony of the accompaniments, are the sole grounds. They are taken for the excitement rather than for the meaning—pretty much as the Indian convert is said to have taken the sacrament, wishing "it had been brandy." Songs are often said to be good, *when well sung*; a qualification of praise which seems to mean, that the difficulty of getting through them is the real inducement for hearing any one make the attempt. With an expressive air, if the singer can give the meaning, it is nearly sufficient. In music, as in every thing else, even an involuntary exhibition of skill which draws attention from the subject to the performer, is disadvantageous. In modern singing, however, this rule is reversed. Every convenient pause is occupied by a cadence, which is neither more nor less than a barefaced display of the talents of the performer. In the midst of the most pathetic appeal we are to break off and listen to the melodious vaulting of Madame or Signor. It is just as if Mr. Kean were to fill up the intervals of his bye-play in tragedy by leaping through the back-scene, because he can play Harlequin as well as Othello. Now all this goes to prove, that the gratification of what is often called musical taste, is, at bottom, that of mere curiosity; but it remains to be shown why curiosity is to be confounded with a feeling of the effects of music. Would they who flocked to hear Catalani sing Rode's violin variations, have felt the same pleasure in hearing them played upon a barrel-organ, or upon the violin even of Rode himself? Certainly not. It was the difficulty of the attempt, then, that was the motive for listening; and curiosity

was the passion to be gratified. We go to hear the human voice do what it never did before, for the same reason that we go to see human legs and arms do what they never did before. We admire him who runs highest upon the musical scale, upon precisely the same principle that we applaud the Indian jugglers twirling their balls, or Mr. Ireland leaping over a pole thirty feet high.

FROM THE EDINBURGH PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

Observations on Sir Robert Sepping's Plan for the Circular Sterns of Ships of War. By GEORGE HARVEY, Esq. Member of the London Astronomical Society.

FEW naval architects, of any age or country, have been more singularly fortunate in the original conception of important and useful designs, than Sir ROBERT SEPPINGS; and the great success which has attended the practical application of his plans, has commanded a respect for his name, which, there can be but little doubt, will increase in proportion as their excellence and utility shall be better comprehended and known.

But there is one of the designs lately brought forward by this distinguished individual, which has been questioned with a keenness and severity of a very uncommon kind; and, it may not be unfairly added, has been opposed by prejudices of no ordinary stamp. From the infancy of naval architecture, up to the present moment, no branch of it has undergone such varied discussion,—been canvassed and examined with so much interest and zeal,—and produced so many singular, and, in many instances, unmeaning comments, and contrary opinions, as the change which this eminent surveyor is desirous of introducing into our ships of war, by converting the square into a circular stern.

It is one of the rare merits of Sir Robert Seppings, that all his plans are of a useful and practical kind; that being founded originally on the best experience, and undergoing, in every instance of their application, a strict and rigorous inquiry, they have in most cases been productive of great immediate benefit to the public, and consequently entitle their author to the highest honours which a great and powerful nation can bestow.

It is, however, sometimes the fate of the most important and beneficial improvements, on their first introduction, to be questioned with unusual harshness and severity; and the spirit of this opposition is, in general, in proportion to the degree in which the proposed innovation happens to depart from long established usage. The whole history of science is filled with lamentable proofs of this frailty of our nature; and we need not even go beyond the borders of the present century, to meet with many, very many, proofs of the baneful influence of those active and unfortunate prejudices. The Safety-Lamp, the most inestimable of the discoveries of the illustrious Davy, was destined, on its first introduction, to meet with an opposition of this kind; but time, which always renders more conspicuous the triumphs of genius, has placed it on the firmest and best foundation, and shown that it is “rich in blessings to mankind.” That consequences

equally satisfactory must ultimately result from the plan of the Circular Sterns, there can be but little doubt. The opposition which it has met with, has only served to quicken inquiry; and now that its ingenious inventor has brought the subject before the public,* in a shape which will enable every one interested in the inquiry to examine it for himself, the merits of the question must be fairly and impartially considered; and those objections which imperfect practical information may have urged, or that opposition which seems to have owed its origin to certain preconceived notions of beauty of external form, will unquestionably vanish before the conclusions drawn from a sound and enlarged experience.

Circular sterns, when contrasted with those of a square form, may be contemplated under two points of view. In the *first* place, We may inquire into the strength peculiar to each form, considered as a system of mechanical forces; and, *secondly*, The means which each affords for carrying into effect those objects for which a ship of war was primarily constructed, namely, attack and defence.

In the mechanical construction of a ship, every part of its structure ought to possess a proper degree of strength, no one part possessing, if such an expression may be made use of, *more* strength than is absolutely necessary, nor any part *less* strength than the nature and office of that particular part is destined to maintain. And it is in the due adjustment of the several parts which constitute the frame of a ship, considered as a system of mechanical forces, that the science and judgment of the naval architect find so wide a field for the exercise of his powers.

Where a general similarity of construction prevails, it is impossible to derive any information from comparison. No advantage, for example, could be derived from comparing the square stern of one vessel with the square stern of another, supposing equal skill to have been employed in their construction. But we may arrive at some satisfactory information, by contrasting the strength and firmness of structures of *different* forms,—the strength of the stern of a ship, for example, with that of the stem. It may indeed be urged, in opposition to such a comparison, that, independent of the dissimilarity of form which at present actually exists between the stem and the stern, the duties which they are destined respectively to perform are so very opposite to each other, that nothing satisfactory could be hoped for from the comparison. The dissimilarity of form, and the difference in the respective offices of the parts just alluded to, will be immediately admitted. But if it should appear on examination, and by an appeal to authentic documents, that a weakness in the stern is *much more* common than in the bow, then will both these objections be fairly disposed of, and a superiority in the formation of the bow over that of the stern will be the necessary consequence.

To enable us to institute this comparison in the most satisfactory and perfect manner, Sir Robert Seppings, in the first Appendix to his able Letter, has furnished above 120 examples of ships of different classes, the sterns of which have been made the subject of *frequent* and *strong* complaint by their respective commanders. To increase the

* Sir Robert Seppings has lately published a Letter on the subject of Circular Sterns, addressed to Lord Melville.

value and importance of these documents, it is worthy of observation, that they have not been collected from any very limited portion of time, or when any particular feeling in favour of a *change* of form might have existed in the navy, but during a period of nearly a quarter of a century, and through the trying services of a long and active war, and when the attention of every naval officer was necessarily directed to the *actual* state of the ship he commanded. These evidences, also, it may be farther observed, in favour of the weakness of the square stern, have been selected from a multitude of other official reports of the same kind, drawn up by able and experienced officers, placed in circumstances of a very varied and difficult nature, and with no other object in view than the good of that service to which they have so honourably devoted their lives.

To group together facts, it has been observed, which have some important qualities common to them all, is the main scope and business of philosophy. Now, the examples contained in the Appendix alluded to (of which those in the preceding Note may be regarded as a specimen), affords a most striking instance of the value and importance of this remark. Every document in the table bears a decided testimony to the *uniform weakness* of the stern. This is the common point or focus to which all the remarks tend; and therefore, it may be added, without fear of contradiction, that the formation of the stem has decided advantages over the present formation of the stern.

But the change which Sir Robert Seppings contemplates, and which he has actually applied to several ships, is to communicate to the stern the strength and firmness of the bow, and to continue the diagonal system of building which he has lately introduced round the stern, in order to make the strength of the fabric uniform and complete. It is now universally admitted, that the diagonal system has communicated great strength to every part to which it has been hitherto applied; and there seems no good reason why the same increase of strength should not be communicated to a part so notoriously weak as the present square stern, particularly, when, by doing so, not only the mechanical frame of the ship is materially strengthened, but its means of defence also very much increased. Sir Robert, at p. 6. of his Letter, very properly remarks, "that circular sterns are formed, and in all respects timbered and secured in the same manner as the bow," and that "the strength of the circular stern is *equal* to that of the bow," and consequently equally well adapted to withstand the shock of the sea. No authority can be more convincing and satisfactory than this, reposing, as it unquestionably does, on the soundest experience, and supported collaterally by so many strong and undeniable truths.

The next point of view in which this important subject may be contemplated, is the consideration of the means which each form of the stern affords for attack and defence.

In the *first* place, the same objections may be urged against the defence of a square stern, as is known to attach to a redoubt of a square form. "Redoubts," says Malorti de Martemont, in his Theory of Field Fortification, "when they are not flanked by some other fire, have two essential defects; the first is, that their salients are unprotected, which cannot be remedied, but by adapting to those salients a few teeth of *cremaillère*, or when the ground and every other circumstance will allow it, by directing the salients towards some inaccessible points, or by

placing in front of them, when possible, some artificial obstacles." "But," continues Malorti, "Circular redoubts have not that defect, as their fire which has no fixed direction, may *incessantly vary*, and *spread* itself on *every point* of the ground that surrounds them;" and "the defence which they present is *uniform on every part of the circumference.*" Now, the defects which this able writer attributes to square redoubts, hold in all their force against the defence of the square stern; while the reasons he gives in favour of redoubts of a circular form, apply most favourably to ships with round sterns. If we may be allowed, by way of illustration, to borrow a few terms from the practice of field fortification, to apply to the mode of defending a ship of war, we may without impropriety say, the "salients" of the *square stern* are unprotected; that we cannot apply to those "salients" a few teeth of *cremaillère*;" much less direct the "salients" towards "inaccessible points," or erect in front of them "artificial obstacles." But that the fire of the circular stern is without a "fixed direction," because it will "spread" itself over every point of the ocean that surrounds it, and moreover, that its defence will be found "uniform" in every part of the circumference. It is true, that the defence of the stern only includes the form of a semicircle, while the defence of the redoubt here alluded to, embraces the whole range of its circumference; still the reasoning holds good for the latter figure, as well as for the perfect circle, because the cord of the semicircle, in the case of the circular stern, requires *no* defence.

And how necessary such a mode of defence may be at times, has been most clearly and forcibly shown by Sir Robert Seppings in several instances. Among those mentioned in his Letter, we may allude to the attack made on the Gibraltar, Northumberland, Terrible, and Powerful, by gun-boats in the Bay of Gibraltar; and also when the Minotaur and Dictator passed the Belt, by gun-boats raking them in a calm. In the retreat also of the squadron of Admiral Cornwallis before the French fleet, they had no means of firing but *right aft*; and in order to accomplish this, Sir Robert observes "they were mutilated to such a degree, to enable them to apply their guns, that a refit of no small extent was necessary, before they could be considered again fit for service."

"In the event of future wars," observes Sir Robert, "an alteration in the form of the stern of our ships of war would in all probability be absolutely necessary, by which the guns may be worked with greater effect and facility, in consequence of the introduction of steam-vessels: and that America is firmly convinced that a system of attack, by this description of vessels, is not only practicable, but that it will also be destructive in its operations, is not to be doubted. Indeed," continues Sir R. "I have been told, from good authority, that they have lately well manned one of their frigates, given the command of her to a good officer, and directed an experiment to be tried, if a vessel propelled by steam could not, under any circumstances, lay on the *quarter* of the ship she attacked, and the result was completely in favour of the steam-vessel." If we inquire into the cause of this failure, we shall undoubtedly find, that the frigate was incapable of defending her *quarter*, owing to the *square form* of her stern,—a circumstance which would not have taken place, if she had possessed one of a circular form.

In case of an attack of the kind just alluded to, Sir Robert Seppings' plan gives a superiority, not only on account of the additional number of guns which the ship is enabled to bring into action, and the sweep of the ocean which those guns are able to command, but also in advantage of another kind, arising from the diminution of the distance of that point from the ship where the shot from the two after guns cross each other, when the guns are trained to their greatest angle,—a point, it is presumed, of no small importance in case of an attack from a steam-vessel. In an 84 gun ship with a square stern, this point is distant from the stern, on the level of the gun-deck, about $18\frac{1}{2}$ feet, and from the upper deck about 16 feet; whereas in the circular stern, the same point on the gun-deck is distant only 12 feet, and from the upper deck but 13. In the case of a 60 gun frigate, the distance of a similar point from the square stern is nearly 16 feet, while in the circular stern it is only 9. These united considerations tend unquestionably to prove, that the circular stern is the form best capable of defence.

The sentiments of so distinguished a man as Dupin, on a question of this nature, are entitled to the highest consideration; and it is most pleasing and satisfactory to peruse the candid and sensible remarks he has made on the subject of round sterns, in his different valuable works. "It is in the sterns of their ships," says he, "that the English at this time carry into effect a great improvement. For the future (it is to be wished that the liberal views of Dupin were completely realized in this point) the sterns of their ships are to be circular, composed of timbers, and planked up in the same manner as the sides of the ships. They are to be pierced with ports, shut in with solid port-lids (below). The ships of three decks, for example, present four vertical ranges of four ports each, to fight when in retreat, which, in proportion to the breadth of the ship, present a force equal to that of ships the best armed in their sides. In the (square) stern, the many glazed windows, and the munnions of fir are the only defence; notwithstanding a shot which comes into a ship from aft forward, or from forward aft, causes ten times the destruction which a shot does which comes in at one side and passes out at the other. Act contrary, then," continues this enlightened author, "to what has hitherto been the practice, and, if possible, make the means of defence of the part *most* exposed ten times as great as it now is. Reason, at least, demands that this should be done.

"I ardently wish to see these improvements introduced into *our* ships. I have constantly repeated, since my first journey into England until this day, every argument, every observation, every experiment, which have appeared to me to carry conviction to the mind. Prejudices and objections, which it is impossible to overcome except by the aid of time, have presented themselves; but over these time will necessarily triumph."

Dupin has alluded to *prejudices*; and unfortunately objections, having no better foundation, *have existed*, and do *still exist* in this country, against this most important plan. Among these prejudices, one may be mentioned, which has given rise to objections respecting the want of beauty in the external form of the circular stern. It will not be contended, but that, according to the mode in which the eye has been hitherto *educated*, the appearance of the square stern is rather

more beautiful than that of the circular form. But the influence of education, it has often been remarked, is omnipotent, and *time* will do much for the *appearance* of the new plan. Is it not, however, trifling with a subject of so very important a nature, to sacrifice *utility* to appearance? Ought the sound principles of a genuine mechanical construction to be abandoned, because the *eye* has been wedded to a particular form? Ought not the primary objects for which a ship of war was constructed, to be consulted, rather than any ideal notions relating to a subject so very abstract and uncertain as that of beauty? A ship of war should be contemplated at all times,—whether in an actual state of warfare, or during a period of tranquillity and peace,—as a floating castle, possessing all the essential elements of durability and force, and capable of acting under all situations, whether of an offensive kind, with equal power, certainty and success. This, it must be admitted, is the idea which ought ever to be associated with a British man-of-war, destined, as it is, to act under circumstances so very varied and uncertain. Objections relative to appearances should cease, and even convenience ought to be surrendered, if necessary, when so many advantages are likely to be obtained. “Ornament and decorations can only be perfectly beautiful,” as Dupin ingeniously observes, “when the appearance of force commands respect from the enemy.” “What should we say,” continues this judicious observer, “of a military engineer, if he were to substitute for thick walls, and the massive gates of curtains, *glass-doors*, to please the fancy of the officers of the place? Yet,” says he, when referring to the square sterns, “here are the glass-doors which we open in the curtains of our floating fortresses.”

In concluding these remarks, therefore, it may be observed, that Sir Robert Seppings, in his letter to Lord Melville, has most unquestionably demonstrated two essential and important principles, namely, 1st, That a ship's stern, when constructed of a square form, is weak and feeble, when compared with the present general structure of the vessel; and, 2dly, that vessels with sterns of the same form, are incapable of making a strong and vigorous defence, when attacked by a powerful force in that part; but that vessels with circular sterns possess qualities and powers precisely the reverse, exhibiting strength where weakness is invariably found in the old form, supplying all the defects attendant on that mode of construction, giving strength to the entire mechanical frame of the ship, and affording increased security and power to the gallant men who navigate and defend her.

Plymouth, 6th April, 1822.

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FROM THE EDINBURGH PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

Les Arrets d'Amours, avec l'Amant rendu Cordelier à l'Observance d'Amours. Par Martial d'Auvergne, dit de Paris, Procureur au Parlement. Accompagné des Commentaires Juridiques et Joyeux, de Benoit de Court, Jurisconsulte. Dernière Edition, revuë, corrigé, & augmentée de plusiers Arrets, de Notes, & d'un Glossaire des anciens termes. Amsterdam, 1731.

WE certainly live in a very degenerate age. The irregular feelings of the days of chivalry are nearly worn down to the level of common

sense. How different from the times when the spirit was left to its own guidance, and grew and flourished in all the luxuriance of its native wildness. Where shall we now look for the high and honourable sentiments of chivalrous faith and valour which animated the breasts of our forefathers; and, more especially, for that ennobling devotion to lady-love, which conferred equal lustre and dignity on him who paid it, and on her to whom it was paid. Alas! in the nineteenth century, a Lover's cares and fears have “dwindled to the smallest span.” How different is the conduct of a modern lover from that of an *inamorato* in the days of chivalry, when it was the most supreme delight, to be allowed

To kneel whole ages at a beauty's feet;

and even, in spite of all her disdain, “to think such sufferings sweet?” But in those ages the fair sex stood on a loftier eminence, and happy was he who was allowed to approach them, even though in the most respectful manner. Even in the coldest nights of winter, the true lover walked till sunrise before his mistress's door—his sole reward, to be allowed to kiss the latch or the knocker of the door. Sometimes, indeed, through some cranny, or, perchance, through the key-hole, he had the rapture of beholding her form, and as she passed he would sing some tender love-song. Nay, at times he was admitted to the honour of kissing the hem of her garment;—at other times, gallantry required greater exertions from him, and, at the hazard of his neck, he would fearlessly scale the loftiest walls, and even descend the longest chimneys, for one glance of his beloved.* Occasionally he stained his face with certain herbs, that he might appear more pitiable in her eyes; and even death became desirable to him for her sake. The gallant Troubadour, Pierre Vidal, furnishes a fine example of chivalrous enthusiasm. Being passionately enamoured of a lady called Louve de Penautier, he called himself *Loup*, or Wolf, in her honour, and submitted, as such, to be hunted in a wolf's skin. He was pursued by the shepherds and their dogs into the mountains, where, being overtaken, he was, like Actæon, cruelly mangled by the hounds, and carried home to his mistress, as dead. He recovered, however, to felicitate himself on the perils he had endured for his lady's sake.

It was in sentiments and feelings like these, that the institution of the Courts or Parliaments of Love originated. It is surprising that such a jurisdiction should never before have been exercised, and that it should have passed away with the age of chivalry. Even in our own country, and in the nineteenth century, the necessity for such a tribunal is tacitly confessed, by submitting many of the causes which would properly fall within the jurisdiction of the Court of Love, to the cognizance of the Ecclesiastical and Common Law Courts. Where could an action for a breach of promise of marriage be so properly decided as before lady judges, and according to the law amatory; in which case, it seems to be only common justice to allow a jury to be impanelled *de medietate linguae*, half ladies and half gentlemen. Were this the case, we might reasonably expect not to have all our most refined and delicate feelings shocked with the degrading exhibition of the judge, the jury, the counsel, and the audience, indulging

* See the advertisement to the “*Arrets d'Amours.*” It does not appear that Mr. Edgeworth's machine for riding over stone walls was known at this time.

in the most boisterous and unfeeling mirth, when a correspondence of the most tender and confidential kind is given in evidence. The advantages of these institutions would not stop here ; they would take cognizance of a thousand cases, which our heavy laws can never reach, and gradually recall amongst us that exquisite refinement of feeling which now seems lost for ever.

It will, perhaps, be adviseable to enter a little more in detail into the nature and spirit of the ancient Courts of Love, that our readers may more readily perceive the truth and justice of the few observations we have just made. The existence of these Courts may be traced almost as far back as the earliest periods of the Troubadour history, and they, probably, had their origin in the contentions of rival poets, who submitted their productions to the judgment of certain fair ladies, who undertook to decide upon their merits. In all probability, the origin of the Courts of Love may be dated about the twelfth century, at the time when the *Gay* science was approaching its meridian.

These tribunals soon became frequent in many parts of France ; but the minute particulars of their composition, their power, and their mode of proceeding, are lost in the lapse of time. It appears, however, that even in the courts which received their appellation from the individual name of some noble patroness, and from which we might suppose that she alone exercised the judicial power, there was yet a bench of lady justices, which varied in number, sometimes, as in the Court of the Countess of Champagne, amounting to sixteen. Whether these ladies possessed an authority coequal with the Countess, or whether they were only called in to assist her with their advice, does not seem very clear. It is still more difficult to discover by what sanctions these illustrious tribunals enforced obedience to their decrees. M. Raynouard conjectures that no judicial process issued on the judgment ; but that public opinion was so strongly in favour of these institutions, that even the most obstinate knight would not have the hardihood to disobey their injunctions. Indeed, when we consider that the judgment of the Court frequently included a command either to love, or to abstain from loving, it is not surprising that they did not attempt to enforce their decrees upon the heart, where, in the language of our English lawyers, the process of the Courts does not *run*. With regard to the extent of their jurisdiction, it should seem that they took cognizance of all affairs of love and gallantry without any exception, and that, occasionally, they even condescended to decide hypothetical questions. With the decline of the spirit of chivalry, the Courts of Love also began to disappear ; it is probable that few remained longer than the middle of the fourteenth century.

Of the proceedings of these Courts we have but few memorials transmitted us, if we except the work of André, the chaplain. Some scattered passages in the verses of the Troubadours, which sometimes contain allusions to them, serve but to cast a very uncertain light on the subject. In André, the chaplain, however, we have many of the judgments given at length, some of which we shall shortly have occasion to extract. The curious little volumes at the head of the present article, do not, unfortunately, contain authentic reports of the decisions, though we must say, that were we to judge from the internal evidence, we should have some difficulty in distinguishing them from the real reports.

The author of *Les Arrets D'Amours* was Martial de Paris, or d'Auvergne, a French lawyer, poet, and wit, who flourished about the middle of the fifteenth century. Very little is known of his history. In addition to *Les Arrets D'Amours*, he was the author of a poem of some length, entitled, *Les Vigiles de la mort du Roy Charles VII. à neuf psaumes & neuf Leçons : contenant la Chronique & les faits advenus durant la vie du dit Roy*; first published in 1493. Two other poems are also ascribed to him, namely, *Les devotes louanges à la Vierge Marie. Paris, 1492*; and *L'Amant rendu Cordelier à l'Observance d'Amour. Lyons, 1545*. The latter of these poems is printed in our edition of the *Arrets*. In most of the later editions of this work, the text is accompanied with the commentaries of Benoit de Court, or Benedictus Curtius, a celebrated jurisconsult of the sixteenth century. These notes, which are written in the same spirit as the text, contain a vast fund of curious and amusing illustration, chiefly drawn from the classical authors of Rome, and from the books of the civil and canon law. In the few extracts we shall make, we shall endeavour to render these reports more interesting to the English reader, by adding such annotations and remarks, drawn from our own law, as may serve to show its similitude or discrepancy with the ancient laws and usages of the Courts of Love.

The reports commence with a prologue in verse, which, although rather long, is exceedingly curious, and which, but for its length, we should have been induced to give. It describes the supposed Courts of Love, at which the author heard the judgments given which he has reported. A very particular account is given of the various personages who composed the Court, and even their dresses are minutely described; thus we are told, that the lady judges were clothed in green, with collars of gold, and so richly perfumed that it was impossible to sit near them without sneezing.

We shall now proceed with our extracts; premising, that we have, in our translations, occasionally taken the liberty of omitting a sentence or two, which did not seem suited to our object, and that we have endeavoured to preserve something of the technical form in which they appear in the original.

“This was an action brought in the Court of the Chief Justice of Love, in the province of Beauty, by the plaintiff, a Lover, against his Lady, defendant, in order to obtain the rescinding of a contract.

“The contract appeared to be as follows.—The plaintiff agreed to walk once or twice a-week at midnight, for a certain time before the door of the defendant, who promised, in return, to throw him a nosegay or a bunch of violets. After stating the contract in his declaration, the plaintiff made the following averments:

“The said plaintiff, in fact, says, that he did, on divers nights, attend at the place so agreed upon as aforesaid; but that the said defendant then and there wholly neglected to attend; and that he, the said plaintiff, on those said several occasions, was obliged to, and actually did, perambulate the street without either fire or light:

“And the said plaintiff further, in fact, says, that frequently on the said several occasions, when he, the said plaintiff, was on the point of departing, he saw a light in the window of the said defendant, with which the soul of him, the said plaintiff, was so ravished and transported, that he knew not what to do. That, on the said several occa-

sions, he hath waited divers long spaces of time, sometimes the whole night, walking up and down, in very great dread lest he the said plaintiff should catch and be afflicted with cold or rheumatism, for that in winter the frost and snow were so severe, that the flesh of him, the said plaintiff, lost its feeling, and the teeth of him, the said plaintiff, then and there shattered in his head.

“ And the said plaintiff further, in fact, says, that the said bad weather frequently compelled him to return to his hotel, he, the said plaintiff, being then and there wet to the skin, without having or receiving any other reward or recompense, than being allowed to kiss the bell of the said defendant’s door; and that, on reaching his hotel, he hath frequently been compelled to change his clothes, which said clothes were then and there damaged and destroyed by the wet; and he hath also been compelled to purchase, and actually hath purchased, divers new suits of clothes, on the occasions last aforesaid, which hath been, and still is, a very great charge to, and grievance upon him, the said plaintiff; in the statement of all which grievances, the said plaintiff hath not taken into account the hazard to which he, the said plaintiff, was exposed, of being recognised by Danger,* or the Watch.

“ And the said plaintiff further, in fact, says, that, on many of the said several occasions, he, the said plaintiff, by reason of the darkness, walked into and amongst certain heaps of mud, and into certain kennels and sewers, whereby he was much discomposed and dirtied, and did also break the shins of him, the said plaintiff, against certain large stones, and run against certain coaches, then and there driving and passing. Wherefore, he concluded, that the contract was unreasonable, and that he had been grossly deceived; and he required the said contract to be declared null and void, and prayed judgment of his damages and costs.

“ The defendant, after making defence, pleaded that the said plaintiff had no cause of complaint. Because, she said, that she, the said defendant, had suffered many greater hardships in the premises than the said plaintiff; and that she was then, and at all times thereafter, when it should please Love, ready and willing to depart from and renounce the said contract; but the said defendant submitted, that the same could not by law be annulled. And she further said, that such annulling as aforesaid, would be a grievous stain on the character of her, the said defendant, who had never theretofore been supposed capable of deceiving any man. And she further said, that, as to the walking of him, the said plaintiff, before the door of her, the said defendant, at the several times aforesaid, shame it was for him, the said plaintiff, thereof to make complaint. And she further said, that she, the said defendant, had suffered and endured, at the said several times aforesaid, much greater and more grievous hardship than he, the said plaintiff: in this, to wit, that when and as often as she, the said defendant, expected the said plaintiff to arrive, she, the said defendant, was, for the space of three hours before the period last aforesaid, in a certain ecstasy and knew not what to do. And she further said, that though true it was, that she, the

* By this expressive term, the husband of the Lady is, in general, designated in the *Arrets d’Amours*. It is so used by Alain Chartier, and the other early French poets, on account, according to the learned commentator, Benoit de Court, of the perils which a Lover incurred in case the intrigue was detected.

said defendant, did occasionally eat and drink, yet protesting that her heart was solely the property of the said plaintiff; she said, that the said waiting of the said plaintiff did grievously discompose her, the said defendant. And she further said, that she frequently could not appear, at the said several times aforesaid, through dread of Danger, from whom it was necessary for her, the said defendant, to make her escape, which, she averred, was, by the moiety, a much greater hardship and pain, than the said supposed suffering of him, the said plaintiff. For that, upon the occasions last aforesaid, it frequently became, and was necessary for her, the said defendant, to feign and pretend that she, the said defendant, was asleep, whereas, in truth and in fact, she was at that time awake; and also, to feign and pretend that she was weeping, whereas, in truth and in fact, she was at that time very strongly inclined to laugh. And she further said, that as to the cold, shame indeed it was for him, the said plaintiff, thereof to make complaint; for that it had been, from time immemorial, the duty of a Lover never to be cold, even though the frost should split rocks. And she further said, that if he, the said plaintiff, suffered pain and trouble at the said several times aforesaid, on his part and behalf, so likewise did she, the said defendant, on her part and behalf, to wit, in finding some means of escape to the said window whereat she, the said defendant, wearing and being clothed with certain very light garments, did wait for the space of two long hours, watching on which side he, the said plaintiff, should make his approach. And she further said, that the said plaintiff had, at the said several times aforesaid, much pleasanter means of passing his time than she, the said defendant. For that, in waiting as aforesaid, he, the said plaintiff, might and could walk up and down and repeat his 'hours' and orisons; and that there was not on those occasions any one to hinder him, the said plaintiff, from so doing. And she further said, as to the said rain and snow, that the same had no terrors for a true Lover; and as to the said large stones, and the said accidents which he, the said plaintiff, was above supposed to have met with, she said, that such evils never happened to those who have a perfect trust in Love, and who are never guilty of treason, falsehood, or other misprision against him. And she further said, that all the said supposed grievances of the said plaintiff, whereof he had made complaint as aforesaid, were not to be compared with the grievances of her, the said defendant: for that she, the said defendant, bestowed more care and diligence, in one day, in gathering the said violets, than he, the said plaintiff, expended in the course of one whole year; and that, in truth and in fact, there could be no comparison between the benefit and pleasure received by him, the said plaintiff, and by her, the said defendant, respectively. And she further said, that the thread wherewith she, the said defendant, bound, tied, and fastened the said nosegays and violets, so to him, the said plaintiff, in that behalf given and presented as aforesaid, was of much greater value than all that she, the said defendant, had ever received from him, the said plaintiff. Wherefore, she said, that there was no deceit in the said contract, and that it ought not to be rescinded without the consent of her, the said defendant, to obtain which, she prayed that the said defendant might be directed to attend her. And she prayed judgment and her costs.

"The cause having come on to be tried, the Court gave judgment that
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the plaintiff had shown no cause for rescinding the said contract, and a specific performance thereof was decreed at the pleasure of the defendant, and costs were given."

It will probably strike our legal readers, that the proceedings of this court were of a very anomalous kind. It seems to have comprised within itself both a common law and equitable jurisdiction. Nor do the forms of pleading (those bulwarks of the law) appear to have been accurately attended to. In some instances the defendant pleads double, which is certainly vicious, and there are aberrations from strict legal form. The case we have given is certainly rather long, but we trust that its interest may be pleaded as an excuse for its insertion. We shall now present to our readers the report of a love case, actually decided in the court of the Countess of Champagne, which we extract from *2 Raynouard c. xv.*, who quotes *André*, the Chaplain. It will be immediately perceived, that the real cases are rather in the nature of short notes, than detailed reports. In fact, these cases seem more nearly to resemble those sent by our chancellors for the opinion of the courts of common law.

"The defendant, whose lover had remained for a certain long space of time in parts beyond the seas, on an expedition, being doubtful respecting his return, whereof many people had well nigh despaired, sought for another lover. The secretary of him the said first mentioned lover hereupon impleaded the said defendant, who appeared and pleaded the 7th Statute of the *Code of Love*.—And thereupon she said, that if it were lawful for a widow to take a husband two years after the decease of her former husband, *a fortiori* it was lawful for her, the said defendant, who was a *quasi* widow, living her said first-mentioned lover, so to do, when he, her said first-mentioned lover, had sent to her, the said defendant, neither messenger nor message during the said long period of time, although she averred he had, during all that time, frequent opportunities of so doing."

"The pleadings run out to great length, but on the cause coming on for trial before the Countess of Champagne, the following judgment was pronounced.

"The judgment in this case must be for the plaintiff. The defendant should not have renounced her lover, even after so long an absence, but upon the clearest proof of want of affection or fidelity. The Court, however, must be understood as speaking of absence only when caused by unavoidable necessity, or from some honourable motive. Certainly nothing ought to cause more joy in the breast of one in the defendant's situation, than the information that her lover is acquiring fame in foreign realms, and attaching to himself the confidence of the valiant and the wise. With regard to his neglect in writing, or despatching messengers, it may have arisen from the most prudential reasons, in order that the secret of his attachment might remain hidden. For though he had despatched letters to her, the tenor of which might be unknown to the messenger, yet *non constat* that by the malfeazance of that messenger, or by his death on the journey, the secret of his passion might have been divulged."

We shall revert again to the learned *Martial de Paris*, whose reports are on the whole, though less authentic, more interesting than those of *André*, the Chaplain. In the multiplicity of very singular suits which he has recorded, we have found some difficulty in making

a selection. Perhaps, however, the following presents as striking an illustration as any, of the very peculiar jurisdiction of these courts.

“ This was an action, in the nature of trover, for a kiss. The defendant pleaded that he had long loved the said plaintiff, whereof she had notice; but that not regarding him, she had wholly neglected and refused to entertain his said suit. And he farther said, that he had at length so much prevailed upon her the said plaintiff, that she undertook and faithfully promised the said defendant to give him the said kiss; yet that, not regarding her said promise and undertaking, she the said plaintiff had always, up to the time of the said supposed grievance, excused herself from so doing, sometimes alleging to the said defendant that she had been prevented therefrom, and at other times asserting that it was not a proper opportunity in that behalf.—And the said defendant affirmed that he had been for the space of three months in pursuit of the said kiss, which was a great pity. And he further said, that on a certain day, when Danger was absent, he prayed the said plaintiff to perform and fulfil her said promise and undertaking; but perceiving that the said plaintiff was not willing so to do, he then and there took the said kiss, as it was lawful for him so to do.—And he prayed his costs.

“ And the said plaintiff for replication said, that she did not undertake or promise in manner and form as the said defendant had above alleged, for that the said promise was a conditional promise only, to wit, at the will and pleasure of the said plaintiff, when and where it should please her the said plaintiff to fulfil the same.

“ And the said defendant for rejoinder said, that the said plaintiff did undertake and promise, in manner and form aforesaid, without this, that the said promise was conditional. And he further said, that though there had been neither gift nor promise, that he reasonably deserved to have for his care, diligence, and attendance given and bestowed by him the said defendant in the service of the said plaintiff, at least the reward of the said kiss, and that it was therefore lawful for him the said defendant to take out execution for the same, and to possess himself thereof as of his own proper goods and chattels, which had come to his possession by finding. And he concluded as before.

“ And now the parties having been heard, and mature deliberation being thereupon had, the Court gave judgment for the defendant, and decreed the plaintiff to pay costs. And the Court further directed the said plaintiff specifically to perform her said promise, at the instance and request of the said defendant, no account being taken of the said former salute.”

The great utility of these institutions is very conspicuous in the following case. From that it appears, that the jurisdiction of the Courts of Love extended even to the regulating the minutest points of decorum in the intercourse of polished society. The grievance complained of in the case we are about to cite, is one of considerable magnitude (we speak from experience) even at the present day. Nor is there, as we apprehend, any mode of redress upon such occasions. To expostulate with the lady is impossible. The only method of relief now acknowledged, (and a most pregnant proof it is of the barbarity and degeneracy of the age,) is to call out the brother of the offending lady. But how much more preferable is a civil proceeding before such a tribunal as the Court of Love.

“This was an action brought by the plaintiff, a lover, against the defendant, to whom he was attached, for refusing to dance with him. The declaration stated, that on, &c. at, &c. the plaintiff had requested the said defendant to dance, which she, without any reasonable cause in that behalf, refused to do, alleging a certain frivolous excuse. That afterwards the said plaintiff did again, with great earnestness, humbly request the said defendant to dance a few steps with him, to save him, the said plaintiff, from being laughed at, by certain persons then and there present, which she also refused to do. And he averred that he had on divers occasions moved to the said defendant, and taken off his hat whenever he, the said plaintiff, met her. Yet, although the said defendant well knew that he was stricken with, and loved her, she nevertheless wholly disdained and refused to speak to him the said plaintiff; or if at any time the said defendant said ‘How d’ye do’ to the said plaintiff, it was with a toss of the head of her the said defendant. The declaration concluded in the usual manner.”

“The defendant suffered judgment to go by default, and now on this day the Court pronounced sentence.

“The Court decrees the defendant to dance with the plaintiff, whether she wishes it or not; or, at all events, to dance a few steps with him. The Court permits the plaintiff, when the defendant and another are seeking for a third to form a *pas de trois*, to step in, without asking permission, and to form the third; and the Court, being informed that the defendant has spoken contemptuous words of its process, and said that the plaintiff would lose his labour in suing her, permits the plaintiff to pass her without moving to her, or saying ‘how d’ye do,’ and declares him exempt from courtesying to her during the dance, as others are used to do. And the plaintiff is to have his costs.”

We have given the preceding cases at length, in order to afford some idea of the proceedings in these courts; we shall now abridge a few of the most curious reports.

An action was brought by the heirs of a lover to compel a lady to show them the same politeness which their ancestor had always experienced from her. They alleged that they had discovered, amongst the papers of the defunct, an agreement, by which the defendant had bound herself to wish the deceased good-day whenever she met him, and to make him a courtesy, and they said that, as heirs at law, they were entitled to the benefit of this agreement.

The defendant insisted that the contract was merely personal, and that it could not descend to the representatives of her lover, after his death.

The plaintiff’s contended that if any thing had been due from their ancestor to the defendant, they would have been answerable to her.

To this the defendant replied, that there was a great distinction between debts or goods and chattels, and the personal property of Love; and she insisted that if judgment were given for the plaintiffs, she should be burdened with making two courtesies instead of one.

Judgment was given for the defendant.

An action was brought by a young married lady against her husband, for not allowing her to wear a gown and a bonnet made in the newest fashion. The pleadings ran to a considerable length, and the Court de-

clared that the matter should be referred to two milliners, who should report thereon, and if any thing objectionable were found in the fashion of the gown and bonnet, the Court directed that the referees should call in the assistance of two ladies, on the part of the plaintiff, and two on the part of the defendant, to assist them in their judgment.

An action was brought by the plaintiff against the defendant, for having pricked him with a pin whilst she was giving him a kiss. The defendant denied ever having given the plaintiff a kiss, but, on the contrary, said that the plaintiff had taken it; and she said that the wound, if any, had happened only by mischance and accident.

Certificates from several surgeons were produced of the nature and extent of the wound, and the Court sentenced the defendant to kiss the wound at all reasonable times, until it was healed, and to find linen for plaisters.

We shall conclude our extracts with two cases; the one, from André the Chaplain, the other from a Tenson, or poetical report given by Mr. Raynouard.

A lady imposed on her lover an express condition never to praise her in public. The knight in a large company heard some observations made in disparagement of his lady. Unable to contain himself, he repelled the accusations, and launched forth in her praise. The lady contended that he had broken the condition, and therefore forfeited all claims to her favour. The Countess of Champagne, however, before whom the cause was tried, decreed that the condition was illegal, and that the knight was justified in defending the character of his lady.

We have already said that it is probable the Courts of Love had their origin in the Tensions, or poetical disputes of rival Troubadours. These were frequently referred to the judgment of some of their most celebrated companions, or of some neighbouring beauty, to whose decision the candidates for fame were gallantly willing to submit. In process of time, these references became more frequent, till they were at length matured into that perfect system of Erotic jurisprudence which is so well calculated to attract the admiration and respect of all who value the grace and polish of highly cultivated society. Of these Tensions, we have several specimens remaining, in the works of those Troubadours who have survived to the present day. Amongst these compositions there is, perhaps, no one which excels in lively beauty the Tenson of Savari de Mauleon. We do not, however, in this place, quote the composition for its poetical excellences, but merely as a sort of judicial document, illustrating the subject of which we are treating.

Savari de Mauleon and two other lords were attached to a lady who was called Guillemette de Baraques. During an interview when all the three were present, each received a mark of her regard; on one she bestowed a kind glance, she pressed the hand of another, and touched the foot of the third, at the same time looking benignantly on him.

To settle the precedencey of these favours, Savari requested his friends Gaucelin de Faidit and Huges de Bacalaria to pronounce their judgment upon the question, and at the same time he delivered his own opinion. From the report in Raynouard it seems, however, that the ultimate decision was referred to the Lady Guillemette herself.

Martial de Paris is not the only author who has availed himself of these ancient and interesting institutions, to afford at once amusement and instruction to his readers. Many years before his work was written, Chaucer had composed his *Court of Love*, which is an imitation of *The Romaunt of the Rose*, and is merely an allegorical poem, displaying the empire of love, the machinery of which the poet has borrowed from the real Courts of Love. Mars and Venus are the presiding deities. The Statutes of Love contained in this poem are simply imaginary, and scarcely bear the slightest resemblance to the genuine ordinances as given by André the Chaplain. Fontaine also has, in more than one of his poems, taken his idea from the proceedings of these tribunals. Such is his *Different de Beaux Jeux et de Belle Bouche*, who argue their respective pretensions with great ingenuity and cleverness. Amongst our own authors, the Court of Judicature in which the famous Isaac Bickerstaff presided, evidently owes its origin to the *Cours d'Amour*, of which the resemblance we have noticed above seems a pretty strong proof.

—
FROM THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BRIDAL CUSTOMS OF THE IRISH.

— “ Make banquet, and good cheer,
And everilk man put on his nuptial gown.”

Quod R. M. of Ledington Knycjt.

WITHIN the recollection of the oldest inhabitants of a small town in Tipperary, a woman of prepossessing deportment, with a beautiful infant at her bosom, was discovered on a cold autumnal morning crouching in the belfry of the deserted and ruinous parish-church. She was pale, silent, and totally abstracted from every earthly object but the sleeping little beauty in her arms. The hospitable inhabitants of the town brought her food and raiment, and warmly tendered her a shelter from the rude inclemency of the time beneath their homely roofs. She preferred, however, abiding in the solitude of the old belfry, and her woes were forever buried in her own heart. At midnight she was often heard singing some strange melody in a low plaintive tone, as she walked with hurried steps across the mouldering parapet of the little tower.

The child grew up and prospered, and at the age of sixteen was said to be a wonder of beauty by those who had accidentally seen her when gazing on the passengers, who daily forded the river that laved one side of the grey and dilapidated church. Her rigid, but loving mother, never suffered her to descend the winding steps which led to the grass-covered chancel. She deemed her too fair to be exposed to the rude gaze of the daring young men who dwelt in the environs, and the maid passed her childhood and youth without once straying from the brink of the old belfry. Young Mary's beauty was her bane. She bemoaned her fate, and earnestly implored her careful mother to bless her with a single hour's liberty, to wander among the fair fields and green woods that smiled around her desolate habitation. But the solitary woman was inexorable. She wept while she denied the prayers of her child, and spoke of the world's crimes, from which she said they were happily set apart, until her heart overflowed with the remem-

brance of her past griefs, and Mary forgot her own desires in assuaging the mental anguish of her beloved mother.

At length a young man, who was the pride of the flourishing family of the Strahans, saw young Mary at the little casement of the belfry, and was so charmed with the beauty of her countenance, that in the warmth of his heart he vowed to win her love, and woo her from her dismal abode, in spite of every impediment. By dint of continual and most acute watching he at length attracted her wandering gaze, and the interest he seemed to feel for the innocent and kind-hearted maiden produced a strange but delightful sensation in her heart. They soon understood the full extent of each other's hopes and fears, and mutually endeavoured to invent some plan whereby they might obtain a parley. The wary mother observed an alteration in young Mary's manner, and watched her more narrowly, and confined her more closely, if it were possible, than before. But the most simple woman in love is an over-match for the wisest and most crafty of parents. Mary contrived to elude the suspicious eye of her mother, and by the aid of a stout rope which she fixed to the stone bars of the casement, Strahan ascended nightly to its verge. Their young hearts were soon linked to each other by the strongest ties of pure, unjaded, youthful love. The maid thought of nothing but Strahan during the day, and he lingered about the weeds and brambles that waved over the tombs of the old aisles, happy to be near his love, and listening in anxious expectation for the usual melodious signal which summoned him to the base of the tower.

The affair could not long remain in this state. One night the mother detected Strahan in the act of ascending to the belfry by his usual contrivance, and to his infinite alarm thrust out a rusty sword-blade above his head when he was within a few yards of the window, and at an immense distance from the ground. She interrogated him as to his motives and desires, and insisted, as he valued his life, on a full and unequivocal reply. The young man honestly confessed his name and intentions, and moreover avowed that he had communed with the maiden at the casement for many preceding nights. The mother's blood flowed rapidly to her heart as he spoke. She feared the worst, and fiercely brandishing the sword-blade above the youth's grasp, threatened in a tone of stern resolution to cut the cord asunder unless he solemnly swore by the most holy vow, and upon the cross in his bosom, to marry her child at daybreak. The youth joyfully assented; and at his pressing request, the weeping and terrified Mary approached the casement, and there contracted herself to him by the most sacred ceremony of breaking bread and parting silver together.

The next day a priest pronounced the nuptial benediction upon them, and the old woman soon after died in the belfry, without imparting a single particular of her history even to her child. Various were the surmises in which the curious neighbours indulged; but whatever they thought of the mother, Mary was idolized by all. She was waning in years, and the parent of seven beautiful girls when I first beheld her. She then resembled a noble ruin; beauty still lingered about some parts of her fine form in spite of the finger of time, her heart was joyous and blithe as ever, and none of the young maidens around her entered into the festal customs of Ireland with more zeal and delight, than the fine spirited dame who had lingered out her childhood in the mouldering turret of St. James's church. She was an object of curiosity and

wonder to the neighbouring peasants ; and so much had been talked of her strange history in my hearing, that I gladly accepted a warm invitation to join with a party of my boisterous rustic acquaintances in the revelries of her youngest daughter's wedding, which was celebrated with all the ancient rural pastimes and ceremonies at the house of the bride's hospitable father, the far-famed and venerable O'Donnell Strahan.

He dwelt in the centre of a rich vale that basked in the vivifying beams of the noontide sun, a little on the left of a great highway. A strong rivulet flowed through the corn-fields around his abode, which seemed already ripe for the sickle, and bent beneath the weakest breeze that wandered over their yellow surface. Agricultural toil was suspended throughout the farm, the emancipated beasts were reclining beneath the shading hedge-rows, or hovering about the banks of the ponds, longing to quaff the cool liquid they enclosed, but fearful of the tormenting insects that buzzed over the weeds, and shot swiftly along the top of the waters. The birds sat mute beneath the broad leaves of the neighbouring wood, not a sound emanated from its shades, but the occasional bleat of the wandering kid, and the hoarse response of the mother-goat, as she sought out the young ones in the craggy wilderness. A loud burst of merriment at length broke upon our ears as we turned the summit of the last hill, and far below at the entrance of the valley we discerned the jolly host and his boon companions welcoming a group of young damsels in the joyous language of the old carol :

“ Welcome all of ye !
Welcome heartily !
Welcome gramachree !
Welcome joy !”

We heard them singing for many minutes as they meandered along the banks of the rivulet towards the brown oaken portal of Strahan, where the whole assemblage of feasters hailed the fair reinforcement with one protracted and undiscriminate shout of delight.

The holy bridal ceremony had been performed at an early hour of the day. The meats had been removed, and the merry guests were luxuriating in liquid good cheer when we arrived. A fine looking young priest was seated between the bridegroom and his love, at the centre of the board, rapidly distributing the rich bride-cake among the young men and maidens around him. The polished pewters which bore the spicy luxury to the several guests, were invariably returned with a trifling pecuniary gift. Neither man nor woman failed to drop “ the priest's fee ” into the plate with one hand, as the bride-cake was eagerly taken out by its fellow ; and the aggregate donations soon swelled over the brim of the general receiving goblet in the lap of the bride. As soon as the cake and its accompaniments were disposed of, the girls and sage matrons present were indulged by the good wife's blue-eyed daughters with white peggens of *praupeen*, whereon they regaled as heartily as their boisterous companions did on the intoxicating potheen, to which the underground still in the neighbouring mountain had most probably given birth. *Praupeen* is made of the ripening barley, plucked before the general harvest. It is dried upon the gridle over the turf-fire, that burns nightly on the stone hearth of the common kitchen, and after being coarsely ground and well sifted, blended with fine milk ; and this simple preparation, although sweet,

clammy, and somewhat disgusting to the palate of a stranger, is esteemed by the peasants of Ireland as one of the greatest dainties the earth can afford.

A motley group of mendicants, as usual, encircled the immense and well-stored chimney. A stout *buchaugh* was there—

“With his horn by his side, likewise his skewer and can,
His staff and long pike to fight all the rogues in the land.”

The lean piper, with his brown polished drones and greasy leatheren bag, occupied the log-seat on the left; and immediately opposite to him sat a poor scholar with his frieze cap and wallet at his feet, and a well-patched satchel slung around his shoulder by a raw sheepskin belt. A lubberly vacant-looking *gossoon* basked at full length upon the flags, stirring about the embers of the fire without any apparent motive, and humming the gentle air of “The Moreen” to the manifest delight of a pale young woman, crowned with wheat-ears and wild-flowers, the emblem of quiet innocuous derangement, who gazed upon him over the shoulder of the kind and pitying *buchaugh*. An old woman with an infant swung in a coarse red cloak at her back, and a black *doothien* between her thin shrivelled lips, the fire of which she had suffered to die away, while gazing with tears in her rayless eyes upon the happy youths and laughing maidens at the board, stood a few paces apart from the rest. An old mutilated, rough-visaged ballad-maker, in a cocked hat and ragged *bradeen* (a coarse frieze coat), held the post of honour in the corner of the leather-backed settle nearest the hearth. The patched remains of a regimental coat might be detected through the gaps of his *bradeen*, and he flourished a burning faggot in bellicose style over his head, as he detailed in passionate terms some exploit of his youth in distant climes, to a neatly-arrayed blind woman, who alternately counted the beads on her bosom, and plied the shining needles through the grey-sheep’s wool, whereof she was diligently fabricating a pair of hose for the holiday use of her grey-headed host.

The old woman who bore the child at her back, eagerly seized the opportunity of a momentary silence (for which the guests looked in each other’s faces as if at a loss to account), and approaching the young couple, laid a brown bony shrivelled hand upon each, and pronounced a rustic benison upon them. “Bless you, my dear children,” said she, “may luck and grace attend you both! May you never look upon a black lamb the first of the yearning time, nor a foal’s back before you have seen his innocent face. May you never hear the blithe cuckoo when fasting, nor the ominous *corncrake* screeching on your left side. May the blue-pinioned raven never croak at your lattice, nor the old crow alight before you in the beaten track of man. May nothing that bodes evil to either of you appear in the dim light of the evening! May your hearths never want the bright-glowing logs, your homestead the stalled ox, your eyes the nest of the lucky swallow, your thatch the green roof-weed that blossoms but once in the life of a man, and augurs prosperity and joy to those who dwell beneath its blessed and fast-clinging roots.” The old woman retired at the conclusion of this recapitulation of good and evil omens, evidently pleased with what she had done, and after replenishing her *doothien*, crouched by the side of the old *buchaugh*. She was on her road to the far-famed Foundling, whither she had engaged to travel from the heart of a distant county,

for the usual fee of a guinea, to deposit the babe of some ruined lass in the blessed cradle of charity. She begged her way from village to village, every door was open to her throughout the land; for although the virtue-loving Milesians abhor the individual who stains the modest repute of the great congregation of Erin's maidens, yet the innocent fruit of her guilt, with its ancient and devoted protectress, is received with open arms at the wicker-gate of every cabin in the isle. Hospitality with the Irish is not a mere unmeaning word. The poorest peasant among them will joyfully share his meal with the buchaugh, the piper, the poor scholar, the wandering idiot, or the friendless stranger. They deem it one of the great duties of man, to feed and shelter his brother when in want; and take no glory to themselves in foregoing comforts, so that they may be enabled to confer necessaries on the poor and desolate. "Come and eat," is the never-failing ejaculation that salutes the ear of the weary at an Irish portal. What they have they give cheerfully. There is no reluctant backwardness, no cold repelling tenders of food and lodging, companioned with hints at the inconveniences which will arise through a stranger's tarrying among them. They toss the contents of the iron crock within the boundary-hoop on the clean white board; the little wooden tubs are filled with milk; a truss of new straw is spread upon the floor for his repose, and he is almost forced to partake of their homely cheer.*

The barefooted, black-haired scholar next approached the comely bride. He had a small keen hazel eye, the hereditary short nose and open vehement mouth of the unadulterated Irish. His cheek was pale, and his curling black locks streamed negligently over his high and expanded brow. After saluting the priest in tolerable Latin, and uttering a hearty "God save you" to the good man of the house and his noble-looking dame, he burst forth into the first notes of an old nuptial ditty in the pure unalloyed language of Erin. The piper and ballad-maker no sooner heard the melody dearest to their hearts, than suddenly starting from their seats they fell into the tune at the same instant, and with voice and instrument enthusiastically accompanied the animated stripling. The whole assemblage gradually joined in trowling the merry notes, and the younger guests, preceded by the musical triumvirate, led the bride and bridegroom to the inviting spot of smooth turf that lay a few yards distant from the threshold, to witness the ceremony of the "pillow dance," and all the quaint customs observed at a rustic bridal, which the poor scholar loudly recapitulated in his joyous rhymes.

I remained a short time with the elders at the board, but one of Strahan's daughters was soon deputed to invite us forth to the carousal on the *bawn*. We immediately followed her to the green plat before the porch, which we found closely shaven in the centre, encircled with turf-seats, and daintily bestrewed with *bansheen lakar* or green rushes, on the which the guests were seated in groups, some quaffing their brown *shebeen* and golden-tinted whiskey, and others evidently in

* At this moment, alas! many of them have nought to give, and Ireland is indebted to the glorious liberality of Englishmen for the lives of many of her sons. The hearty benison of every Irishman is upon them; and may they live to see the sister-country in happier days, and some of them be then tempted to wander about her green hills and valleys, where they may personally experience the warmth and generosity of a true Irishman's heart.

anxious expectation of the signal for dancing from the piper's hoarse-voiced drone. Dick Veogh of Kilcash, one of the most roaring blades between Strongbow's tower and the heart of the province, appeared at one side of the bawn as we entered at the other, bearing the bride's pillow, elevated above his head, and loudly proclaiming his intention of calling forth the tallest and most comely woman on the bawn, to join with him in all the glories of the great pillow-dance. A shout of admiration greeted the entry of the youth, who took his station in the heart of the assembly, and by a slight motion of his head intimated to the bride's father that he required immediate silence and attention. The old man immediately rose on the turf-bank, and throwing his hand over the white wavy locks that shadowed his face, soon quelled the general uproar of the roysters, whose eyes were bent with an expression of anxious curiosity on the Veogh. He was a handsome, well-made youth, just verging on the brink of manhood, with an eloquent hazel-eye, a sparkling brow, a wreathed cheek, and a heart that did honour to the bosom it warmed. Methought some of the girls turned upon him with an imploring look, dashed with a spark of waggish merriment, as he sought out his jewel in the rich group of youth, health, and womanly beauty which encircled him. In a few moments his eyes were riveted on a noble-looking fair-skinned young woman, who sat at the right-hand of the bride, and appeared to be wholly absorbed in unravelling the leaves and laying bare the blushing heart of a rosebud which adorned her dawning bosom. By her apparel I knew her to be one of the celebrated girls of the Barony of Iverk. She was arrayed in a *sherkeen* of blue frieze, laced and braided in front with broad blue ribbons, and a petticoat of the same materials, gathered in folds at the back of her waist, and decorated with a single ribbon of a similar colour and width to that which adorned the accurately-fitting jacket or *sherkeen*. She wore a pair of plain silver clasps in her shoes, her blue stockings were delicately braided up the ancles, and a crucifix suspended by a string of polished brown beads moved with the rise and fall of her young bosom. Its motion was considerably accelerated as she felt the eye of the Kilcash youth revelling on her cheek, and he seemed to enjoy by anticipation the rapture of pressing her lip at the conclusion of the dance. He immediately proclaimed her to be the lass of his heart, and the fairest of the bridesmaids; and the blue-eyed Iverkian tripped gracefully to the centre of the sward. She received the white down pillow from the admirer's hands, and in a few moments began to dance with a fine buoyant air round the bawn, to the apt and beautiful cadence of one of the native tunes of her Barony, which she warbled out with a grace and expression peculiar to the gifted Iverkians. After two or three circuits, she gradually veered towards the spot from whence she had started, and as the last notes of the melody were gushing from her lips, dropped on her knees upon the pillow, which she had just thrown upon the green. The happy Veogh instantly bounded from his seat, and kneeling by her side, warmly saluted the deep-rosy lips of the maiden. He received the customary kiss on the cheek in return, and, amid the cheers of the assembly, led the fair Iverkian to her seat on the right hand of the bride. The pipes now pealed forth a heart-gladdening air—the boys and girls (that is to say, all present, whether old or young, who were unmarried) proceeded to the choice of partners and companions, and in a short time the bawn

exhibited the regular complicated movements, and well known but apparently mazy labyrinths of the national reel and merry jig.

After the lapse of an hour the mystic nuptial rites were commenced. The bridegroom's nuts were thrown, and scrambled for by the clamorous youngsters; small pieces of the hoarded cake were passed through the wedding-ring for the bride's most intimate and best-beloved companions, and the enamoured young men "seized the fair occasion" of declaring their love by dropping the white unsullied glove which the young wife wore in the last hour of her maidenhood at the feet of their sweethearts in the romping game of "the marriage morn." After fatiguing themselves at these and similar sports, they gradually subsided into calmer amusements. A goblet of fountain water was brought out, and a quantity of new eggs placed upon the turf. The girls, after exhibiting a little becoming reluctance, tripped one by one to the sparkling goblet, wherein they hoped to discover the occupation of their future lords. The white of an egg was thrown into the vessel, and the station of the youth with whom the ministering lass was destined to wed deduced from the strange figure it assumed in the curdling liquid. While the ceremony (which produced peals of laughter from the joyous bystanders) was going on, some of the more cunning lasses were diligently plucking the pins from the bride's garments, which it is necessary to obtain by stealth, otherwise the charm wherein they are used would be inevitably abortive. They are thrust into a piece of the bride-loaf which has passed through the holy ring, and placed by the happy possessor beneath her pillow for the purpose of charming her into a dream about the present or future lad of her heart.

Numberless other ancient customs were performed with the most rigid adherence to every particular which had been transmitted from bridal to bridal as necessary to render the several charms infallible. Old tales, humours and pathetic traditions, the feats of elves and goblins, songs, and rustic jokes, filled up the short intervals that occasionally happened between the rites, until the full harvest-moon rose from a grey cloud above the adjacent hills. A pilgrimage to the *Claugh* was then devised, and all acceded to the welcome but unexpected proposal with the most turbulent indications of joy. No time was lost in needless preparation; men, women, and children, tarried but a moment to gather a stone each, and then, preceded by the tottering but enthusiastic musician, danced hand-in-hand down the green lane that led to holy *Claugh*. We soon arrived at an open space from which four pathways branched in different directions. In the heart of a hillock of stones, surmounted by a small green coronal of turf, a venerable thorn reared its moss-clothed boughs: this was the *Claugh*, and he who failed to throw a stone upon the heap as he passed was deemed an unrepenting sinner, and held in utter detestation and contempt for ever after. All the stones in the vicinity of the old thorn (as is usually the case) had long before disappeared, and pebbles were gathered by the provident a mile or more before they reached the junction of the paths. If this precaution were omitted, the luckless wight retraced his steps until chance threw a pebble in his way; and none but the graceless and depraved ever passed the ancient thorn without paying the customary tribute to its base, and imploring a blessing on the heads of those who were "nearest and dearest to his

heart." There are many Claughs about the country, and the loving mother often buries a lock of her infant's hair beneath four different thorn-crowned heaps to ensure its earthly happiness, and young men and maidens plight themselves to each other by the breaking of bread and partition of corn beneath the wide-spreading boughs of the revered Clough-tree.

"The Fairies' *Moat* lay in a field that bordered the lane, and we turned towards it on our way back, for the purpose of plucking the weed *fairy-fax*, which grew plentifully around it. The children trusted, while they retained a single leaf of this powerful weed about their persons, that no mischievous elfin, fearful ghost, or wicked hag, could waylay and harm them in their moonlight rambles. The moat was a green knoll in the centre of the field, surrounded by a sentinel trench, beneath which, the old dames asserted in suppressed and quivering tones, there was a gorgeous palace of jewels and gold, wherein the great ones of Fairy-land abided, and from whence the sounds of revelry oftentimes emanated at those particular times when the merry crew were forbidden to carouse upon the face of the earth.*

On our return to the house we found the children had arrived there before us, for the purpose of coming suddenly upon the *keroges*, or witch's auxiliaries, which, taking advantage of our temporary absence, had sallied out in swarms to commit their usual devastations. Their enemies, the inveterate youngsters, disturbed the spoilers when each was laden with a choice grain of old wheat, which it was believed was intended for the granary of the queen-witch their protectress, who dwelt on the skirts of the neighbouring wood, and whose body had been so often pinched and tormented by the green hazel twigs which were wound about the ineffectual churns, to rid them of her potent spells, inflicted in revenge for the goodwife's accidentally omitting to send her the customary, but much-grudged tribute of butter and cream.

After supper, such of the bride's elder sisters as were still unmarried submitted to run the gauntlet, and endured all the other penalties of their awkward situation with a tolerable grace. A little before midnight, the lasses were summoned to the bridal chamber, to conclude the ceremonies and pastimes of the day by throwing the stocking; but the young bridegroom and his father-in-law, armed with a single straw each, guarded the door and denied ingress to any but unmarried females. The stocking, however, was thrown as usual by the wife from her soft pulpy bed, and the fair maid of Iverk proclaimed as the next who would kneel to the nuptial benediction. Within an hour afterwards, the watch-dog was lying across the old porch floor, the buchaugh and poor scholar were nestling together among the crackling straw-heaps in the barn, the blind knitter and the old woman with the child were snugly reposing in a clean bed in the loft, the piper had departed to cheer the guests on their way home with his crazy pipe, the ballad-maker was dreaming of war and bloodshed in the settle, the gossoon lay stretched on his old place among the dying embers, and the pale lunatic sat awake upon the log listening attentively to the merry chirrup of the minstrel cricket on the hearth.

A.

* Children are often supposed to be fairy-struck, or affected with the deadly elfin blight. The only cure for this dreaded malady is said to be a draught of blessed water in which nine leaves of the hedge-row plant *faugharam* have been steeped.

FROM THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

CONFESSIONS OF A DRUNKARD.

DEHORATIONS from the use of strong liquors have been the favourite topic of sober declaimers in all ages, and have been received with abundance of applause by water-drinking critics. But with the patient himself, the man that is to be cured, unfortunately their sound has seldom prevailed. Yet the evil is acknowledged, the remedy simple. Abstain. No force can oblige a man to raise the glass to his head against his will. 'Tis as easy as not to steal, not to tell lies.

Alas! the hand to pilfer, and the tongue to bear false witness, have no constitutional tendency. These are actions indifferent to them. At the first instance of the reformed will, they can be brought off without a murmur. The itching finger is but a figure in speech, and the tongue of the liar can with the same natural delight give forth useful truths, with which it has been accustomed to scatter their pernicious contraries. But when a man has commenced sot—

O paunce, thou sturdy moralist, thou person of stout nerves and a strong head, whose liver is happily untouched, and ere thy gorge riseth at the *name* which I have written, first learn what the *thing* is; how much of compassion, how much of human allowance, thou mayest virtuously mingle with thy disapprobation. Trample not on the ruins of a man. Exact not, under so terrible a penalty as infamy, a resuscitation from a state of death almost as real as that from which Lazarus rose not but by a miracle.

Begin a reformation, and custom will make it easy. But what if the beginning be dreadful, the first steps not like climbing a mountain but going through fire? what if the whole system must undergo a change violent as that which we conceive of the mutation of form in some insects? what if a process comparable to flaying alive be to be gone through? is the weakness that sinks under such struggles to be confounded with the pertinacity which clings to other vices, which have induced no constitutional necessity, no engagement of the whole victim, body and soul?

I have known one in that state, when he has tried to abstain but for one evening,—though the poisonous potion had long ceased to bring back its first enchantments, though he was sure it would rather deepen his gloom than brighten it,—in the violence of the struggle, and the necessity he has felt of getting rid of the present sensation at any rate, I have known him to scream out, to cry aloud, for the anguish and pain of the strife within him.

Why should I hesitate to declare, that the man of whom I speak is myself? I have no puling apology to make to mankind. I see them all in one way or another deviating from the pure reason. It is to my own nature alone I am accountable for the wo that I have brought upon it.

I believe that there are constitutions, robust heads and iron insides, whom scarce any excesses can hurt; whom brandy (I have seen them drink it like wine), at all events whom wine, taken in ever so plentiful measure, can do no worse injury to than just to muddle their faculties, perhaps never very pellucid. On them this discourse is wasted. They would but laugh at a weak brother, who, trying his strength with

them, and coming off foiled from the contest, would fain persuade them that such agonistic exercises are dangerous. It is to a very different description of persons I speak. It is to the weak, the nervous; to those who feel the want of some artificial aid to raise their spirits in society to what is no more than the ordinary pitch of all around them without it. This is the secret of our drinking. Such must fly the convivial board in the first instance, if they do not mean to sell themselves for term of life.

Twelve years ago I had completed my six and twentieth year. I had lived from the period of leaving school to that time pretty much in solitude. My companions were chiefly books, or at most one or two living ones of my own book-loving and sober stamp. I rose early, went to bed betimes, and the faculties which God had given me, I have reason to think, did not rust in me unused.

About that time I fell in with some companions of a different order. They were men of boisterous spirits, sitters up a-nights, disputants, drunken; yet seemed to have something noble about them. We dealt about the wit, or what passes for it after midnight, jovially. Of the quality called fancy I certainly possessed a larger share than my companions. Encouraged by their applause, I set up for a professed joker! I, who of all men am least fitted for such an occupation, having, in addition to the greatest difficulty which I experience at all times of finding words to express my meaning, a natural nervous impediment in my speech!

Reader, if you are gifted with nerves like mine, aspire to any character but that of a wit. When you find a tickling relish upon your tongue disposing you to that sort of conversation, especially if you find a preternatural flow of ideas setting in upon you at the sight of a bottle and fresh glasses, avoid giving way to it as you would fly your greatest destruction. If you cannot crush the power of fancy, or that within you which you mistake for such, divert it, give it some other play. Write an essay, pen a character or description,—but not as I do now, with tears trickling down your cheeks.

To be an object of compassion to friends, of derision to foes; to be suspected by strangers, stared at by fools; to be esteemed dull when you cannot be witty, to be applauded for witty when you know that you have been dull; to be called upon for the extemporaneous exercise of that faculty which no premeditation can give; to be spurred on to efforts which end in contempt; to be set on to provoke mirth which procures the procurer hatred; to give pleasure and be paid with squinting malice; to swallow draughts of life-destroying wine which are to be distilled into airy breath to tickle vain auditors; to mortgage miserable morrows for nights of madness; to waste whole seas of time upon those who pay it back in little inconsiderable drops of grudging applause—are the wages of buffoonery and death.

Time, which has a sure stroke at dissolving all connexions which have no solider fastening than this liquid cement, more kind to me than my own taste or penetration, at length opened my eyes to the supposed qualities of my first friends. No trace of them is left but in the vices which they introduced, and the habits they infixed. In them my friends survive still, and exercise ample retribution for any supposed infidelity that I may have been guilty of towards them.

My next more immediate companions were and are persons of such

intrinsic and felt worth, that though accidentally their acquaintance has proved pernicious to me, I do not know that if the thing were to do over again, I should have the courage to eschew the mischief at the price of forfeiting the benefit. I came to them reeking from the steams of my late over-heated notions of companionship; and the slightest fuel which they unconsciously afforded, was sufficient to feed my old fires into a propensity.

They were no drinkers, but, one from professional habits, and another from a custom derived from his father, smoked tobacco. The devil could not have devised a more subtle trap to retake a back-sliding penitent. The transition, from gulping down draughts of liquid fire to puffing out innocuous blasts of dry smoke, was so like cheating him. But he is too hard for us when we hope to commute. He beats us at barter; and when we think to set off a new failing against an old infirmity, 'tis odds but he puts the trick upon us of two for one. That (comparatively) white devil of tobacco brought with him in the end seven worse than himself.

It were impertinent to carry the reader through all the processes by which, from smoking at first with malt liquor, I took my degrees through thin wines, through stronger wine and water, through small punch, to those juggling compositions, which, under the name of mixed liquors, slur a great deal of brandy or other poison under less and less water continually, until they come next to none, and so to none at all. But it is hateful to disclose the secrets of my Tartarus.

I should repel my readers, from a mere incapacity of believing me, were I to tell them what tobacco has been to me, the drudging service which I have paid, the slavery which I have vowed to it. How, when I have resolved to quit it, a feeling as of ingratitude has started up; how it has put on personal claims and made the demands of a friend upon me. How the reading of it casually in a book, as where Adams takes his whiff in the chimney-corner of some inn in Joseph Andrews, or Piscator in the Complete Angler breaks his fast upon a morning pipe in that delicate room *Piscatoribus Sacrum*, has in a moment broken down the resistance of weeks. How a pipe was ever in my midnight path before me, till the vision forced me to realize it,—how then its ascending vapours curled, its fragrance lulled, and the thousand delicious ministerings conversant about it, employing every faculty, extracted the sense of pain. How from illuminating it came to darken, from a quick solace it turned to a negative relief, thence to a restlessness and dissatisfaction, thence to a positive misery. How, even now, when the whole secret stands confessed in all its dreadful truth before me, I feel myself linked to it beyond the power of revocation. Bone of my bone—

Persons not accustomed to examine the motives of their actions, to reckon up the countless nails that rivet the chains of habit, or perhaps being bound by none so obdurate as those I have confessed to, may recoil from this as from an overcharged picture. But what short of such a bondage is it, which in spite of protesting friends, a weeping wife, and a reprobating world, chains down many a poor fellow, of no original indisposition to goodness, to his pipe and his pot?

I have seen a print after Corregio, in which three female figures are ministering to a man who sits fast bound at the root of a tree. Sensuality is soothing him, Evil Habit is nailing him to a branch, and Re-

pugnance at the same instant of time is applying a snake to his side. In his face is feeble delight, the recollection of past rather than perception of present pleasures, languid enjoyment of evil with utter imbecility to good, a Sybaritic effeminacy, a submission to bondage, the springs of the will gone down like a broken clock, the sin and the suffering co-instantaneous, or the latter forerunning the former, remorse preceding action—all this represented in one point of time.—When I saw this, I admired the wonderful skill of the painter. But when I went away, I wept, because I thought of my own condition.

Of that there is no hope that it should ever change. The waters have gone over me. But out of the black depths, could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who have but set a foot in the perilous flood. Could the youth, to whom the flavour of his first wine is delicious as the opening scenes of life or the entering upon some newly discovered paradise, look into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man shall feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and a passive will,—to see his destruction, and have no power to stop it, and yet to feel it all the way emanating from himself; to perceive all goodness emptied out of him, and yet not to be able to forget a time when it was otherwise; to bear about the piteous spectacle of his own self-ruins:—could he see my fevered eye, feverish with last night's drinking, and feverishly looking for this night's repetition of the folly; could he feel the body of the death out of which I cry hourly with feebler and feebler outcry to be delivered,—it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth in all the pride of its mantling temptation; to make him clasp his teeth,

and not undo 'em
To suffer **WET DAMNATION** to run thro' 'em.

. Yea, but (methinks I hear somebody object) if sobriety be that fine thing you would have us to understand, if the comforts of a cool brain are to be preferred to that state of heated excitement which you describe and deplore, what hinders in your own instance that you do not return to those habits from which you would induce others never to swerve? if the blessing be worth preserving, is it not worth recovering?

Recovering!—O if a wish could transport me back to those days of youth, when a draught from the next clear spring could slake any heats which summer suns and youthful exercise had power to stir up in the blood, how gladly would I return to thee, pure element, the drink of children, and of child-like holy hermit. In my dreams I can sometimes fancy thy cool refreshment purling over my burning tongue. But my waking stomach rejects it. That which refreshes innocence, only makes me sick and faint.

But is there no middle way betwixt total abstinence and the excess which kills you?—For your sake, reader, and that you may never attain to my experience, with pain I must utter the dreadful truth, that there is none, none that I can find. In my stage of habit (I speak not of habits less confirmed—for some of them I believe the advice to be most prudential) in the stage which I have reached, to stop short of that measure which is sufficient to draw on torpor and sleep, the benumbing apoplectic sleep of the drunkard, is to have taken none at all.

The pain of the self-denial is all one, And what that is, I had rather the reader should believe on my credit, than know from his own trial. He will come to know it, whenever he shall arrive at that state, in which, paradoxical as it may appear, *reason shall only visit him through intoxication*: for it is a fearful truth, that the intellectual faculties by repeated acts of intemperance may be driven from their orderly sphere of action, their clear day-light ministeries, until they shall be brought at last to depend, for the faint manifestation of their departing energies, upon the returning periods of the fatal madness to which they owe their devastation. The drinking man is never less himself than during his sober intervals. Evil is so far his good.

Behold me then, in the robust period of life, reduced to imbecility and decay. Hear me count my gains, and the profits which I have derived from the midnight cup.

Twelve years ago I was possessed of a healthy frame of mind and body. I was never strong, but I think my constitution (for a weak one) was as happily exempt from the tendency to any malady as it was possible to be. I scarce knew what it was to ail any thing. Now, except when I am losing myself in a sea of drink, I am never free from those uneasy sensations in head and stomach, which are so much worse to bear than any definite pains or aches.

At that time I was seldom in bed after six in the morning, summer and winter. I awoke refreshed, and seldom without some merry thoughts in my head, or some piece of a song to welcome the new-born day. Now, the first feeling which besets me, after stretching out the hours of recumbence to their last possible extent, is a forecast of the wearisome day that lies before me, with a secret wish that I could have lain on still, or never awaked.

Life itself, my waking life, has much of the confusion, the trouble, and obscure perplexity, of an ill dream. In the day time I stumble upon dark mountains.

Business, which, though never particularly adapted to my nature, yet as something of necessity to be gone through, and therefore best undertaken with cheerfulness, I used to enter upon with some degree of alacrity, now wearies, affrights, perplexes me. I fancy all sorts of discouragements, and am ready to give up an occupation which gives me bread, from a harassing conceit of incapacity. The slightest commission given me by a friend, or any small duty which I have to perform for myself, as giving orders to a tradesman, &c. haunts me as a labour impossible to be got through. So much the springs of action are broken.

The same cowardice attends me in all my intercourse with mankind. I dare not promise that a friend's honour, or his cause, would be safe in my keeping, if I were put to the expense of any manly resolution in defending it. So much the springs of moral action are deadened within me.

My favourite occupations in times past, now cease to entertain. I can do nothing readily. Application for ever so short a time kills me. This poor abstract of my condition was penned at long intervals, with scarcely any attempt at connexion of thought, which is now difficult to me.

The noble passages which formerly delighted me in history or poetic fiction, now only draw a few weak tears, allied to dotage. My

broken and dispirited nature seems to sink before any thing great and admirable.

I perpetually catch myself in tears, for any cause, or none. It is inexpressible how much this infirmity adds to a sense of shame, and a general feeling of deterioration.

These are some of the instances, concerning which I can say with truth, that it was not always so with me.

Shall I lift up the veil of my weakness any further? or is this disclosure sufficient?

I am a poor nameless egotist, who have no vanity to consult by these Confessions. I know not whether I shall be laughed at, or heard seriously. Such as they are, I commend them to the reader's attention, if he finds his own case any way touched. I have told him what I am come to. Let him stop in time.

ELIA.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF SCIENCE.

A Review of some of the General Principles of Physiology, with the Practical Results to which they have led. By A. P. W. PHILIP, M. D. F. R. S. Edinb.

WE are now to direct our attention to the phenomena of the nervous system. Under this term is generally included the sensorial as well as nervous system, properly so called. From a careful review of the functions of these systems, however, it will appear, I think, that they do not differ less from each other than from the muscular system.

M. le Gallois, as far as I know, is the only author who has endeavoured by experiments to draw a line of distinction between them. It is unnecessary, however, to examine the opinion he has advanced, as many of the facts which I shall have occasion to state will be found incompatible with it. After reviewing the phenomena of the nervous system, properly so called, we shall be better prepared to enter on this question.

The functions of the nervous are much more complicated than those of the muscular system. The first we shall consider is one on which I have already been necessarily led to make some observations. We have seen that the influence of the nervous system is the only stimulus of the muscles of voluntary motion, and that it is also capable of exciting those of involuntary motion, although in their usual functions the latter are excited by other means. Here the question arises, if the nervous system be not concerned in the usual functions of these muscles, why are they universally subjected to its influence? This question we are not prepared to consider till we have taken a view of some of the other functions of the nervous system; but the influence of that system not only does not excite the muscles of involuntary motion in their usual functions, but, as I have already had occasion to observe, is communicated to them in a way different from that in which it is communicated to the muscles of voluntary motion. We shall here inquire in what this difference consists.

The following positions have been ascertained by repeated experiments. Chemical agents, applied to the brain and spinal marrow, more powerfully influenced the heart than mechanical agents, while the lat-

ter influence the muscles of voluntary motion more than chemical agents. Both, applied to the brain and spinal marrow, excite the heart after they cease to produce any effect on the muscles of voluntary motion. Applied to any part of the brain and spinal marrow, they affect the action of the heart, while the muscles of voluntary motion are only affected when they are applied to the parts from which the nerves of those muscles originate. Applied to the brain and spinal marrow, they never excite irregular action in the heart, while nothing can be more irregular than the action they excite in the muscles of voluntary motion. Their effect on these muscles is felt chiefly on their first application, but continues on the heart, within certain limits, as long as they are applied. These differences in the effects of agents applied to the brain and spinal marrow must, it is evident, be explained, before we can understand the relation which subsists between the nervous and muscular systems.

It appeared to me probable, from the result of several experiments, that the cause of chemical agents, applied to the brain and spinal marrow, producing a greater effect on the heart than those which act mechanically is, that the former, from their nature, act on a larger surface. If this opinion be correct, the mechanical agent, it is evident, may be rendered the most powerful, by confining the chemical to a smaller space than it occupies, which was found from frequently repeated experiments to be the case.

Most of the experiments on this part of the subject, it may be observed, as well as many to which I have already referred, were made, not on the living, but newly dead animal, which was always employed if the nature of the experiment admitted of it.*

It appeared, from repeated experiments, that neither chemical nor mechanical agents, applied to the brain and spinal marrow, affect the action of the heart, unless they make their impression on a large portion of these organs. Every part of them may be stimulated individually, without the action of the heart being influenced; and the agent being the same, its influence on this organ is always proportioned to the extent of surface to which it is applied. It does not appear that it is of much importance on what part of the brain the agent makes its impression. Even stimulating the surface alone, either mechanically or chemically, immediately increases the action of the heart.

Another circumstance, which appears to be of great consequence in explaining the difference of the effects of agents applied to the brain and spinal marrow on the two sets of muscles, is, that the heart obeys a much less powerful stimulus than the muscles of voluntary motion do. The most powerful chemical agents alone affected them, while all that were tried readily influenced the action of the heart. Mechanical agents which, by bruising and dividing the parts, occasion the greatest possible irritation, are best fitted to excite the muscles of voluntary motion. Chemical agents, indeed, from their effects on the heart, we should, at first view, consider the most powerful. But their greater effect on this organ is readily explained by what has just been said. When the effect of the mechanical agent was rendered extreme

* Why the newly dead animal is as good a subject for many physiological experiments as the living one, will appear from what I shall afterwards have occasion to lay before the reader.

and general, its influence on the heart was found much greater than that of any chemical agent which was tried. We have seen that suddenly crushing any considerable portion of the brain or spinal marrow instantly destroys the function of that organ.

The conclusions, then, at which we arrive are, that the heart is influenced by all agents applied to any considerable part of the brain or spinal marrow, while the muscles of voluntary motion are only influenced by the more powerful agents applied to certain small parts of them.

These facts being ascertained, the other differences observed in the effects of agents applied to the brain and spinal marrow on the heart and muscles of voluntary motion are easily explained.

Irregular action of a muscle arises from stimuli acting partially or at intervals on its nerves, or on the part of the brain or spinal marrow from which its nerves arise; but very partial action of an agent on these organs, we have just seen, is incapable of exciting the heart; and while the agent is applied to any part of them, as all their parts seem equally to influence the heart, it cannot act upon it interruptedly, as an instrument does on the muscles of voluntary motion, when it is moved from place to place in the brain.*

The heart feels the effect of the agent within certain limits, as long as it is applied to the brain and spinal marrow, while the muscles of voluntary motion chiefly feel its first impression; because they feel only the effects of powerful agents, applied to certain small parts of these organs, which, being strongly impressed, soon lose their excitability; while the heart feels the sum of all, even slight impressions, made on every part of them.

It also appears, from what has been said, why those who have endeavoured to influence the heart by stimulating the small parts of the brain from which its nerves seem chiefly to originate, have failed; and why the heart may be influenced through this organ and the spinal marrow, after their power is too far reduced to excite the muscles of voluntary motion. As these only obey agents applied to one part, if the change there be not sufficiently great to produce the effect, it can be assisted by no other. Thus I have found by experiment, that a blow which affects the brain generally, without materially injuring it, produces comparatively little effect on the muscles of voluntary motion; but it produces a great effect on the heart, because it feels the sum of all the impressions. The nervous system, therefore, may be so far exhausted as not to admit of the vivid impressions necessary to excite the muscles of voluntary motion, and yet capable of those which influence the heart.

The heart, however, is not the only organ which receives nervous influence from every part of the brain and spinal marrow. The power of the blood vessels, we have seen, may be destroyed by the sudden

* It is true, that although the heart is only influenced by agents applied to a large portion of the brain, we may conceive them so applied as to produce irregular action in it, and we find that certain irritations of the nervous system have this effect. Suddenly crushing part of the brain or spinal marrow renders the action of the heart irregular. But it is evident that the heart, not being subject to agents whose action is confined to a small portion of these organs, and being equally affected through all parts of them, must render it much less subject to irregular action, and readily accounts for this not having been observed in the experiments just referred to.

destruction of either of these organs, and it also appears, from direct experiments, that they may be influenced, even in the extremities, by agents applied even to the upper surface of the brain. The alimentary canal may also be influenced through both the brain and spinal marrow. From the extreme irregularity of the motions of this canal, we cannot ascertain whether it is subject to the influence of the different parts of the brain and spinal marrow, in the way in which this was done respecting the heart and blood vessels. I therefore endeavoured to ascertain this point by experiments of a different kind; from which it appears, that on withdrawing a great part of the influence of either the brain or spinal marrow, the stomach is affected in a way which I shall soon have occasion to consider more particularly.

We may easily conceive why the muscles of voluntary motion are excited when those parts of the brain or spinal marrow from which they receive their nerves are stimulated; but it seems at first view more difficult to account for the heart and other muscles of involuntary motion being subject to the influence of every part of these organs. We cannot suppose that they receive nerves from every part of them. We know, indeed, that no organ does so. The following seems to be the state of the question. We see some parts influenced by every part of the brain and spinal marrow; others only by small parts of them. In the latter instances, we see directly proceeding from those small parts of the nerves of the part influenced. In the former instance, namely, where the part is influenced by all parts of the brain and spinal marrow, we do not see nerves going directly from all parts of these organs to the part influenced, but we see this part receiving nerves from a chain of ganglions to which nerves from all parts of them are sent. It is, therefore, evident from direct experiments, that the nerves issuing from ganglions convey to the parts, to which they send nerves, the influence of all the nerves which are received by these bodies.

Such then is the relation which the most important organs of involuntary motion bear to the brain and spinal marrow. Their powers are not directly dependant on either, yet they are subjected to the influence of every part of both, communicated through the medium of the ganglions; and when we see the other organs of involuntary motion equally independent of the brain and spinal marrow, and supplied with nerves from ganglions, in the same way with the former, it is impossible not to infer, that they bear the same relation to the nervous system. Thus, it would appear, that the ganglions may be regarded as a secondary centre of nervous influence, receiving supplies from all parts of the brain and spinal marrow, and sending to certain organs the influence of all those parts.

If the nervous influence of the thoracic and abdominal viscera be thus supplied from a common source, why, in affections of the spinal marrow, it may be asked, is the breathing most influenced when the disease is in the dorsal portion of this organ, and the action of the bladder and rectum, when its chief seat is in the lumbar portion? This necessarily arises from the intercostal muscles deriving their nerves from the dorsal, and the abdominal muscles from the lumbar portion of the spinal marrow. The latter muscles generally excite, or, at least, increase, the action of the bladder and rectum, by pressing them against their contents, and also by this pressure contribute mechani-

cally to expel their contents. Thus, in the above cases, in addition to the failure of nervous influence in the viscera, there is a failure of excitement in the muscles of voluntary motion which conspire with these viscera in certain parts of their functions.

We can trace the communication of nerves issuing from the great chain of ganglions, placed it would seem, to facilitate these communications in the centre of the animal system, with all the nerves of the body. Bichat, although his opinions respecting the use of the ganglions are inconsistent with the results of the experiments just referred to, as well as of others to which I shall have occasion to refer, was induced, from their situation and the distribution of their nerves, to regard them as the centres of nervous systems.

On comparing all the facts on the subject, we have reason to believe, that the system of ganglionic nerves is quite as extensive as that of the nerves proceeding directly from the brain and spinal marrow. We every where find blood-vessels which, being influenced equally through the brain and spinal marrow, must receive the nervous influence through the ganglions; and, indeed we can trace the ganglionic nerves attached to and supplying the larger vessels. The following case, related by Dr. Parry, in his treatise on the arterial pulse, might alone be regarded as proving the existence of two sets of nerves in the extremities, the one supplying the organs of voluntary, the other those of involuntary, motion, and strikingly illustrates what has been said on this subject. He observes, "I have seen a total loss of pulse in one arm, with coldness, but complete power of motion in that part while the other arm was warm, and possessed a perfectly good pulse, but had lost all power of voluntary motion."

Such then is the manner in which the influence of the nervous system is supplied to the muscles of voluntary and involuntary motion. To the former, from certain small portions of the brain and spinal marrow, and through nerves going directly from these small portions to the muscles; to the latter, from every part of the brain and spinal marrow through a chain of ganglions which, on the one hand, communicate with every part of these organs, and, on the other, with all the muscles of involuntary motion; in the former instance, the influence of the nervous system being the only natural stimulus, in the latter, other stimuli exciting the muscle to its usual function, and the influence of the nervous system, being only occasionally bestowed on it for purposes which we shall soon have occasion to consider.

When the nerves of a muscle of voluntary motion are divided, the supply of the stimulus on which its function depends being cut off, it is rendered paralytic, not because its power is impaired, for it is as sensible to the effects of stimuli as while its nerves were entire, but because the channel of the only stimulus by which the will operates on it is obstructed, and here the effect of the division of these nerves ends. The consequence is very different, when the nerves of the muscles of involuntary motion, the ganglionic, are divided.

If the principal ganglionic nerves, the eighth pair through which the influence of the brain is chiefly supplied to those muscles be divided, the function of the muscles appears to be wholly unaffected by it. The heart and vessels support the circulation as well as before the division of the nerves. For this result we are prepared by what has been said of these muscles. An evident disorder, however, in the secreting

power of some of the vital organs immediately ensues. The stomach no longer secretes a fluid capable of producing the necessary change on the food, while the fluids of the lungs deviate from the healthy state, and accumulate in the bronchiæ and air cells. The structure of the lungs itself, in the space of a few hours, becomes evidently diseased, and the animal dies of dyspncea; failure in the office of the lungs, necessarily proving more suddenly fatal than failure in that of the stomach. It has been questioned, whether the effects on secreting surfaces of dividing the eighth pair of nerves should be ascribed to the interruption of the influence of the brain, or to the injury done to those surfaces by the act of dividing their nerves. That it produces its effects in the former of these ways, appears from the following facts. When secreting surfaces are deprived of their nervous influence by any other means, the effect is the same; this effect is not at all proportioned to the degree of injury done to the nerves, but to the degree in which the nervous influence is withdrawn; and, as soon as the nervous influence is restored, the surface is again capable of its function. These facts seem sufficient to have answered the question, although it had not been determined by some late experiments, in which Mr. Brodie and Mr. Cutler were so good as to assist me, that it is necessary, after the division of the nerves, to displace one of the divided ends, in order wholly to arrest the function of the secreting surface, the influence of the brain still passing in such a quantity, if this be not done, as to bestow on that surface a considerable degree of the secreting power; and that even when the divided ends, if not otherwise displaced, are separated to a distance of a quarter of an inch.

Thus, we find, that the effect of dividing the ganglionic nerves is of a nature wholly different from that of dividing the cerebral, or spinal nerves; while the division of the latter only deprives the animal of the power of exciting the muscles of voluntary motion, that of the former deranges the functions on which its life depends. Even the structure of the lungs, we have just seen, is evidently disordered in a few hours by the division of the eighth pair of nerves in the neck.

As the function of the stomach is destroyed when the influence of the brain through the eighth pair of nerves is cut off, we should at first view infer, that it is from the brain alone that the stomach derives its nervous influence. But although the process of digestion be suspended by the division of these nerves, it does not follow that the stomach may not derive nervous influence from some other source, because the loss of any considerable part of this influence may destroy its function. Besides, its remaining sensibility, indicated by the efforts to vomit, proves that the influence of the nervous system is not wholly withdrawn from it by dividing these nerves.

If, then, this influence be not supplied to the stomach by the eighth pair of nerves alone, but also, as we have reason to believe from the evidence of anatomy, by nerves arising from different parts of the spinal marrow, it is evident that cutting off the influence of any considerable part of this organ, while we leave the eighth pair of nerves entire, must affect the power of the stomach, though probably not so much, because the brain, we have reason to believe, constitutes the most important part of the nervous system. The same observation applies to the lungs. On appealing to the test of experiment, such was found to be the result; the functions both of the stomach and lungs were impaired, by

destroying any considerable portion of the spinal marrow, the lesion of function being proportioned to the extent and importance of the part destroyed.

Another point relating to this part of the subject remains to be ascertained. Do the effects observed in the stomach and lungs, when part of the spinal marrow is destroyed, arise directly from the destruction of that part, that is, from the ceasing of its office, or from the influence of the brain on the spinal marrow being thus limited? It is evident, that if the former opinion be correct, the division of the spinal marrow in the middle will not produce the same effects as the destruction of the lower half. If the latter, the effects must be the same. The division of the spinal marrow in the middle produced very little deviation from the healthy state, either in the stomach or lungs, compared with that produced by the destruction of the lower half of that organ.

Thus, it appears, that the function of the spinal marrow also is necessary to the secreting power, and that, as far as it is necessary to this power, it is independent of any influence derived from the brain. As a partial destruction of the spinal marrow impairs the secreting power, a partial abstraction of the influence of the brain has the same effect. It was found that the division of one of the eighth pair of nerves deranges the function of both the stomach and lungs, nearly in the same degree with the destruction of a certain portion of the spinal marrow. The function of every part of the brain and spinal marrow therefore is necessary to the due performance of secretion.

Here a question of great importance in the animal economy arises. As it appears, from the experiments just referred to, that the nervous power is equally essential with the circulation of the blood, for maintaining the functions of secretion and assimilation, what are the parts they severally perform in these functions? It is evident, that the extreme parts of the sanguiferous and nervous systems are connected in a way very different from that in which these systems are connected in other parts. The heart and vessels of circulation, we have seen, can perform their functions after the influence of the nervous system is withdrawn. The function of the secreting vessels immediately ceases on the interruption of this influence. We must suppose, therefore, either that the influence of the nervous system bestows on the extreme vessels the power of separating and recombining the elementary parts of the blood, or that the vessels only convey the fluids to be operated upon by this influence.

Experiments, to which I have already referred, prove that the most minute vessels which can be seen by a powerful microscope in the web of a frog's foot, are independent of the nervous system. The motion of the blood is as rapid, and the circulation in the foot presents precisely the same appearance after as before the slow destruction of the brain and spinal marrow. If the power of the vessels of secretion had been lost by the interruption of the influence of the nervous system, would not this have necessarily occasioned some change in the distribution and motion of the blood in the web? The conclusion from these experiments is strengthened by others. In those in which the secreting power was destroyed either by the division of the eighth pair of nerves or the destruction of part of the spinal marrow, there

did not necessarily appear to be a defective supply of fluids. In the stomach they were often as copious, sometimes more copious, than usual ; and the latter was almost always the case in the lungs. The fault seemed to be, that a due change on them had not been effected. We know that the vessels of circulation possess no powers but the elastic and the muscular, or what in many of its properties resembles the latter. Can we suppose, that the vessels of secretion, which are only a continuation of those of circulation, all at once assume a different nature ; or is it at all consistent with our knowledge of the phenomena of chemistry to suppose, that by any influence the powers just mentioned, or indeed any that can be supposed to belong to vessels, could be enabled to separate and re-combine the elementary parts of the blood ? The first of the above positions being set aside, it seems a necessary inference from the experiments referred to, that in the function of secretion, the vessels only convey the fluids to be operated upon by the influence of the nervous system.

It is not to be overlooked, however, that the vessels convey the fluids in a peculiar way. By the lessening capacities of the capillaries, the blood is divided, as by a fine strainer, some of its parts being too gross to enter the smaller vessels. How far the blood may thus be subdivided we cannot tell. As this structure of the vessels is uniform, we have reason to believe, that its effect on the blood is necessary to prepare it for the due action of the nervous influence.

We are now prepared to consider the question, for what purpose is the influence of the whole nervous system bestowed on the muscles of involuntary motion ? Admitting, it may be said, that the due performance of secretion requires the united power of all parts of the brain and spinal marrow, and that we may therefore explain why their united influence is bestowed on secreting surfaces ; the question still remains, why should their united influence be bestowed also on the muscles of involuntary motion ?

It is evident, that affections of the nervous system could produce no occasional increase of the secretions, were not the sanguiferous system, and particularly the vessels of secretion, capable of being stimulated by the same influence which operates in the formation of the secreted fluids. The increase of secreting power in any part would be in vain, were there not at the same time a corresponding increase in the supply of the fluids on which it operates. A similar observation applies to the excretory muscles, as far as they are muscles of involuntary motion. The same increase of nervous influence which occasions an increased flow of secreted fluids, excites these muscles to carry off the increased quantity. Nature does not seem to trust this to the increase of stimulus, occasioned by the increased flow of the secreted fluid, which we have reason to believe from the *modus operandi* of certain causes of inflammation, would often occasion morbid distention. Now the vascular system, and the muscles of excretion, if in them we include the alimentary canal, comprehend all the muscles which are supplied with ganglionic nerves, unless we regard the iris as a muscle. The state of this organ is quite anomalous in the animal economy, being one of involuntary motions, excited only through the medium of the nervous system.

In the preceding view of the subject, we find the relation of the

vessels of secretion to the nervous system the same as that of the heart and vessels of circulation. Their function is independent of, but capable of being influenced by, this system.

Thus, we perceive, the necessity of every part of the function which the ganglia appear to perform. A combination of the whole nervous influence is necessary to the due formation of the secreted fluids; and that there may be, under all circumstances, both a due supply of the fluids to be acted upon, and a due removal of those prepared, whether for the functions of life, or for the purpose of being thrown out of the system, it is necessary, as appears from what has just been said, that the powers which convey all these fluids should be subjected to the influence by which secretion is performed. This function, it is evident, requires a more regular supply of fluids than could have been obtained, had the usual action of the vessels depended on the nervous system, which is subject to continual variation; but had not this system been capable of influencing the vessels, not only no change in it could have influenced the flow of secreted fluids, but every occasional increase of the influence of the nervous system, supplied to secreting surfaces, finding no increase of fluids to act upon, would necessarily have excited disease. Thus, it is requisite that the power of the sanguiferous should be independent of the nervous system, yet capable of being influenced by it; as from direct experiment, we have just seen, it is found to be.

The secreting processes are constantly attended with a temperature considerably raised above that of the surrounding medium. Does this also depend on a function of the nervous system?

It appears, from experiments above referred to, that the destruction of any considerable portion of the spinal marrow, deranges the function of secreting surfaces. Together with this effect, it was always found to lessen the temperature of the animal, more or less, according to the extent and importance of the part destroyed. Some years previously, Mr. Brodie, in the Croonian Lecture for 1810, gave an account of experiments which led to the inference, that the maintenance of animal temperature is under the influence of the nervous system, and in the Philosophical Transactions of 1812, he relates additional experiments, tending to strengthen this inference. The experiments related in the inquiry just referred to, seem in a striking manner to confirm the opinion of Mr. Brodie. He found that poisons impairing the vigour of the nervous system, impair the temperature. It appears from my experiments, that lessening the extent of this system, by destroying part of the spinal marrow, has the same effect.

Thus, it follows, that the temperature of the animal body depends on the state of the nervous system; but many observations point out that it depends also on that of the powers of circulation. When the power of the heart and vessels is greatly impaired, so that the motion of the blood languishes, the temperature falls. If by exercise, or the use of stimulants, we increase the action of the heart and vessels, the temperature in the same proportion rises. When there is a natural defect in the organs of circulation, and particularly when this defect is such as prevents the blood passing through the lungs, with the freedom necessary to its healthy state, the temperature is found below the natural standard. The reader may consult a paper on this subject, by Mr. Earle, in the seventh volume of the transactions of the Medico-

Chirurgical Society, in which there are many excellent observations. As we proceed, we shall find proofs founded on direct experiments, that the temperature depends on the state of the circulation, and particularly on the passage of the blood through the lungs, which to detail here, would too much anticipate some of the other parts of the subject.

Whether caloric be a substance, or as some of the first chemists of our time are inclined to believe, only a certain motion of the particles of bodies, it is of course foreign to this paper to inquire; but it appears from the foregoing observations, and will, I think, appear still more strikingly from those I shall have occasion to add, that the maintenance of animal temperature must be ranked among the results of the action of the nervous system on the blood. It is on this account that I have elsewhere said, *that if caloric be regarded as a substance, its evolution in the animal body must be ranked with the secreting processes; the definition of secretion, I conceive, being the evolution of a tertium quid, in consequence of that action.*

When to the functions which have now been detailed, we add, that the nerves are the means of conveying impressions to and from the sensorium, we have, I believe, enumerated the whole of the functions of the nervous system properly so called.

Although it has been very generally admitted, that the nerves of the organs of sense perform no other function but that of conveying to the more central parts of the nervous system the impressions they receive, it has been supposed that the nerves of other parts, and particularly those of the viscera, are capable of so impressing each other, that these parts sympathize independently of the more central parts of the system. This position, which, were it correct, would seem in opposition to many established laws of the nervous system, I have considered at some length in the ninety-sixth and following pages of the second edition of my Treatise on Indigestion. It appears, as far as I can judge, from the facts there adduced, that it is altogether unfounded, the nerves seeming in the latter as in the former case, only to convey impressions made on their extremities to the more central parts of the system.

FROM THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Travels in Georgia, Persia, Armenia, Ancient Babylonia, &c. &c. during the Years 1817, 1818, 1819, and 1820. By Sir Robert Ker Porter.

This is one of the best written, and most elegant books of travels, which, for many years, has issued from the press. The countries visited are deeply instructing from numerous associations, and we have not often had travellers who have had the author's courage to explore their recesses, his ability to describe them, or his pencil to depict their most remarkable objects. He travelled too with the feeling which gratifies the reader's curiosity in regard to the most striking objects, and his descriptions are full, clear, and satisfactory. We may instance his description of the ruins of Babylon, those objects of universal sympathy, and those pictures of what time will render all cities, however great or proud.

A SACRED VILLAGE IN PERSIA.

"At three o'clock in the morning of August 1st, we left the caravansary, and turned our cavalcade into a north-western direction through another narrow valley; bounded on each side by craggy mountains, which were traversed by the most opposite and varied strata I had ever seen. A stream, equally clear and inviting with those of the Kala-Gul-Aub, flowed by our path, which lay under groves of wild almond, hawthorn, and mulberry-trees, intermixed with large bushes bearing a flower resembling lavender both in appearance and smell. Notwithstanding the vernal luxuriance of such a scene, the road itself was extremely desert and bad, being a continuation of rough, loose stones the whole way from Mayan to Iman Zada Ismael, a journey of three farsangs. This latter village is considered holy ground, and not only shows a general aspect of comfortable means, but an air of civilization seldom met with on this side of Ispahan. Every individual in the place claims his descent from Mahomed; hence they are all called Saieds, or sons of the prophet. A picturesque old caravansary nearly in ruins, and a high-domed building, are its most conspicuous objects. The hospitality of the natives seems to have rendered the former useless; and the latter, which gives its name to the village, covers the holy relics of the Iman Zada Ismael. Of his particular history nothing is now remembered, but that this is his tomb; the sanctity of which would of itself hallow the ground in its vicinity; therefore this spot has a double claim to reverence, being an abode of the living descendants of the prophet as well as of the dead.

"We were lodged in the house of one of the ten thousand branches of the great holy stock, where the most unexampled attention was shown to our convenience. A principal division of the mansion was cleared entirely of its usual inhabitants, and the vacated apartments, above and below, appropriated to the sole use of ourselves, our people, and our quadrupeds. Every sort of provision that the village afforded was at our command, and due attendance to prepare and serve it. We were surprised by finding the women of the place not only walking about in freedom, but completely unveiled, and mixing promiscuously in discourse or occupation with the male inhabitants; neither did they retreat from their various domestic employments on our near approach. Their features are regular, with dark complexions, and large fine eyes; and their figures are good, with a general appearance of cleanliness, a grace not very common amongst the lower classes in Persia. The chief cause of such humble affluence and manifest content, lies in the sacred village being exempted from tribute of any kind. Neither does it furnish the customary quota of armed men, demanded on the part of government from all less holy districts, to attend the king in his wars or annual encampments; and, in addition to these privileges, the prince-governor of Shirdz pays a yearly sum of forty tomauns towards the repair and decoration of the Iman's tomb. The village is well constructed, clean, and at every point shows a flourishing condition. A large tract of garden-ground, abundantly stocked, and a corresponding space for corn in as favourable cultivation, stretch before the walls. The whole southern face of the mountain, wherever practicable, is clothed with quantities of grapes; and every little sheltered spot rendered some way profitable by these in-

dustrious people. They have not the advantage of even a single stream to assist their labours, but are obliged to transport all the water they use, from wells; which increases the toil, and lamentably circumscribes the extent of their cultivation."

THE PERSIAN CHARACTER.

"The variety of character amongst these people is equally interesting and extraordinary, and that variety does not exist more in certain dissimilarities distinguishing one individual from another, than in those very dissimilarities often meeting in one man. The Persian's natural disposition is amiable, with quick parts; and on these foundations, the circumstances of climate and government have formed his character. Perhaps a stronger proof could not be given of the former trait, than that we find in their history no terrible details of sanguinary popular tumults. The page is blotted in a thousand places, with massacres done by order of a single tyrant; but never a disposition for insurrection, and wide murderous revenge, in the people *en masse*. Fonder of pleasure than ambitious of the sterner prerogatives of power, they seek their chief good in the visions of a fanciful philosophy, or the fervours of a faith which kindles the imagination with the senses. The dreams of their poets, the delights of the Anderoon, the vigour of the chase; these, with services at court, whether to the Shah, or to his princely representatives over provinces, or to their delegated authorities in towns and villages, all alike form the favourite pursuits of the Persian, from the highest khan to the lowest subject in the empire.

"I have already mentioned, that the peculiar temperament of the Persian is lively, imitative, full of imagination, and of that easy nature which we in the west call 'taking the world lightly'; and that hence he is prone to seek pleasures, and to enjoy them with his whole heart. Amongst these, the gaiety of his taste renders him fond of pomp and show; but his fear of attracting suspicion to his riches, prevents him exhibiting such signs in his own person, beyond an extra superb shawl, a handsomely hilted dagger, or the peculiar beauty of his kaliouns. The utmost magnificence of his house, consists in the number of apartments, and extent of the courts; of the rose-trees and little fountains in the one, and the fine carpets and nummuds in the other. But vessels of gold or silver are never seen. The dinner-trays are of painted wood; and those on which the sweetmeats and fruits appear, are of copper, thickly tinned over, looking like dirty plate. Neither gluttony nor epicurism is a vice of this nation. The lower classes also live principally upon bread, fruits, and water. The repasts of the higher consist of the simplest fare; their cookery being devoid of any ingredient to stimulate the appetite. Sherbets, of different kinds, are their usual beverage; and tea and coffee the luxuries of ceremonious meetings. In this general abstinence from what is usually styled the pleasures of the table, we find a nearer resemblance to the manly frugality of ancient Persis, or Iran, (which the admirable institutions of the first Cyrus extended from that people to the less temperate Medes,) than to the manners which prevailed even in so short a time as a century after, under the reign of Artaxerxes Mne-mon.

"From the earliest times, the breeding of fine horses has been a pas-

sion in the East; and in no country more than Persia, where, indeed, a man and his horse are seen in such constant companionship, that custom has in a manner identified them with each other, and hence the most beautiful steeds are never brought in proof of any extraordinary riches; a Persian being well mounted, though the clothes on his back may not be worth half a tomaun. Their mules, too, are a stately, useful race. I have already noticed, that horse-racing is not pursued here as with us, to produce a certain prodigious swiftness in a short given time; but to exercise the limbs of the travelling or courier-horse, to go over a considerable number of miles in one day, or more, at an unusual rate, without slackening his pace, or suffering by the exertion. The fleetness of a Persian horse in the chase, is equal to that of any country; but his exquisite management in the military sports of the girid, &c. cannot be equalled on any other field. In these exercises we see something of the latent fire of the chivalric *Shah Servund*, breaking forth in their descendants, and lambently playing on the point of their lances. The dexterity of the evolutions, the grace of their motions, and the knighthood gallantry of their address, unite in giving an inexpressible charm to these scenes. But it does not end there. This *gaieté de cœur*, and courtesy of manner, pervading every class, renders the society of the higher ranks particularly amiable; and communication with the lower, free of any rudeness. Nay, indeed, the humblest peasant, from the old man to the boy, expresses himself with a degree of civility only to be expected from education and refinement. Quick in seeing, or apprehending occasions of service, high and low seem to bend themselves gracefully to whatever task their superiors may assign; besides talent seems to contend with inclination, in accomplishing its fulfilment. In short, this pliant, polished steel of character, so different from the sturdy nature and stubborn uses of the iron sons of the north, fit the Persians to be at once a great, a happy, and a peaceable people, under a legitimate and well-ordered monarchy."

ASPECT OF THE COUNTRY.

"Gilpaigon is the provincial capital of a khan, who governs the small district from which it takes its name. The town itself is supposed to contain about two thousand persons. Nearly a couple of farsangs before we reached this little rural metropolis, we found the road divide itself; one branch leading to the village of Gohikaw, the regular halting-place, in the way to Hamadan, and the other to the town which we had chosen for our menzil. Gohikaw, with two other villages of less dimensions, but promising equal refreshment, from the number of trees which mingled their gay green with the rustic dwellings, spread themselves along the base of the same line of hills which cover the town of Gilpaigon, and seemed quite in as good condition. The impression this sight, with its accompanying cultivation, made on my mind as I approached, can hardly be conceived by an European who has never wandered from happy Christendom: so beyond imagination is the difference, between the populousness and aspect of countries, which own such different governments as those of Asia and Europe. Here, in the East, with regard to population and its habitations, this vast tract of country, (once the very well-spring of emigration to all nations of the earth,) appears like the dry bed of some former great river; where

the depth, and the space, evidence the mighty flood by which it might have been filled ; and a few pools of stagnant water, dotting the marshy surface, remain vestiges that such an element really did fill it. No man can enter Persia, without remembering he is about to tread a land which a long line of native princes covered with cities, and towns, and fertility ; a country, which even its Grecian conquerors embellished with the noblest structures, and Roman invaders adorned with bridges, aqueducts, and castles. But of all these towns, villages, and structures, the erections of so many different ages and generations of men, few remain of any kind that are not sunk in ruin, or furrowed with decay. Where were once cities, and hamlets, and cultivated fields, are now vast solitudes ; without house, or hut, or tree, or blade of grass, for many, many miles. Indeed, so frequent are these monotonous tracts, dreary to the eye, and dismal to the heart, that the glimpse of a mouldering wall, round some long-abandoned village seen from afar ; or a distant view of the broken massive arches of a lonely caravansary, surrendered to the wild animals of the waste ; being memorials that human footsteps once were there, are sights of welcome to the cheerless traveller, way-wearied by such unvaried scenes of desert-solitariness. Besides such really melancholy sources of the *ennui* which so often accompanies the European through these burning tracts, is the unchanging serenity of the sky. Day after day, nay, month after month passes, and not a film is seen on its dazzling surface ; not a cloud, even light as the thinnest vapour, varies the towering summits of the mountains by its fleecy shroud, nor tinges the vale beneath with its flitting shadow. In vain we look here for those sweet concealments of nature, which at times hide her beauties in a veil ; or those sublime mysteries, which give infinitude to grandeur, by the occasional darkness in which she envelops it. At no season of the year, in this southern part of Persia, can we see the storm gathering in the heavens ; nor the thirsty earth opening its bosom to receive the milder shower, pouring abundance and beauty in its bland refreshment. In fact, I have not seen a single drop of rain since the morning of my quitting Teheran ; and dew seems equally interdicted. I have often thought, while panting through this waveless sea of shadeless heat, that if those of my countrymen who indulge themselves in murmurs against our cloudy, humid climate, were only to be transplanted hither for one summer-journey, they might find a parallel example to the unhappy lover of riches, who obtained the object of his passion to so grievous an extent, that whatever he touched became gold ; for, wherever they go here, they would meet dryness, and cloudless, fervent sunshine.”

PESTILENTIAL WINDS.

“ Oct. 9.—My people were still too ill to-day to give any signs of speedy amendment ; and in order to while away my anxiety in this untoward detention, I sent for the master of the *khaun*, to make some inquiries respecting the country and its inhabitants. He told me, that they consider October the first month of their autumn, and feel it delightfully cool in comparison with July, August, and September ; for that, during forty days of the two first named summer months, the hot wind blows from the desert, and its effects are often destructive. Its title is very appropriate, being called the *Samiell* or *Baude Semoon*, the pestilential wind. It does not come in continued long currents,

but in gusts at different intervals, each blast lasting several minutes, and passing along with the rapidity of lightning. No one dare stir from their houses while this invisible flame is sweeping over the face of the country. Previous to its approach, the atmosphere becomes thick and suffocating, and, appearing particularly dense near the horizon, gives sufficient warning of the threatened mischief. Though hostile to human life, it is so far from being prejudicial to the vegetable creation, that a continuance of the Samiell tends to ripen the fruits. I inquired what became of the cattle during such a plague, and was told they seldom were touched by it. It seems strange that their lungs should be so perfectly insensible to what seems instant destruction to the breath of man, but so it is, and they are regularly driven down to water at the customary times of day, even when the blasts are at the severest. The people who attend them are obliged to plaster their own faces, and other parts of the body usually exposed to the air, with a sort of muddy clay, which in general protects them from its most malignant effects. The periods of the wind's blowing are generally from noon till sunset; they cease almost entirely during the night; and the direction of the gust is always from the north-east. When it has passed over, a sulphuric and indeed loathsome smell, like putridity, remains for a long time. The poison which occasions this smell, must be deadly; for if any unfortunate traveller, too far from shelter, meet the blast, he falls immediately; and, in a few minutes his flesh becomes almost black, while both it and his bones at once arrive at so extreme a state of corruption, that the smallest movement of the body would separate the one from the other. When we listen to these accounts, we can easily understand how the Almighty, in whose hands are all the instruments of nature, to work even the most miraculous effects, might, by this natural agent of the Samiell brought from afar, make it the brand of death by which the destroying angel wrought the destruction of the army of Sennacherib. Mine host also told me, that at the commencement of November the nights begin to be keen; and then the people remove their beds from their airy and star-lit canopies at the tops of their houses, to the chambers within; a dull, but comfortable exchange when the winter advances, the cold being frequently at an excess to freeze the surface of the water in their chamber-jars; but almost as soon as the sun rises, it turns to its liquid state again."

ARRIVES AT BAGDAD.

"A stranger arriving from Irak Ajem, into this renowned capital of Irak Arabi, cannot fail being instantly struck with the marked difference between the people before him, and those he left north of the mountains. There, the vesture was simple and close, though long, with a plain-hilted knife stuck in the girdle, and the head of the wearer covered with a dark cap of sheep-skin. Here, the outer garment is ample and flowing, the turban high and superbly folded, and the costly shawl round the waist additionally ornamented with a richly embossed dagger. With personages in every variety of this gorgeous costume, I saw the streets of Bagdad filled on my entrance. Monstrous turbans of all hues, pelisses, and vests, of silk, satins, and cloths; in red, blue, green, yellow, of every shade and fabric, clothed the motley groupes who appeared every where; some slowly moving along the streets, others seated cross-legged on the ground, or mounted on

benches by the way-side, sipping their coffee, and occasionally inhaling a more soporific vapour from their gilded pipes, with an air of solemnity not to be anticipated from such a tulip-garbed fraternity. The contrasted appearance of the gaily coloured and gloomily pompous Turk, when compared with the parsimoniously clad Persian, sombre in appearance even to the black dye of his beard, yet accompanied with the most lively and loquacious activity of body and mind, amused me much; and in traversing these characteristic paths, I could not but recollect I was now in the far-famed city of the Caliphs, the capital of Haroun-al-Raschid, through whose remote avenues he and his faithful vizier used to wander by night, in disguise, to study the characters of his subjects, and to reign with justice.

“ The outward fashion of the houses bore an aspect new to me in the East. They are built in different stories, with window openings thickly latticed; which style giving them an European appearance, I felt a kind of welcoming old-acquaintanceship in looking at them; that perhaps, made me prefer their height before the low Asiatic dwellings I had left in Persia. In proceeding to Mr. Rich’s house, the point whither we were moving, we crossed through part of the great bazar. It was crowded with people, and displayed every kind of Asiatic commodity for traffic. Numberless coffee-houses, intermingled with shops, were arranged on each side; all of which were well-stored with silent and smoking guests, seated in rows like so many painted automatons. There was a rustling sound of slippered feet, and silken garments, and a low monotonous hum from so numerous a hive; but nothing like the brisk, abrupt movements, and clamorous noises of a Persian assemblage of the same sort. Yet, as all present were not of the taciturn nation; Jews, Armenians, and even some of the great king’s subjects, mingling in the exchange of commerce; at times the swell of human voices augmented a little; but take it in general, had the mysterious crier who called the enchanted merchandise of the fairy *Parabonoo*, then appeared amongst them, his sonorous proclamation would have been audibly heard over the usually low murmuring sounds from the company at large.

“ The city of Bagdad (now to be regarded as the capital of Assyria and Babylonia!) is the residence of the Pasha; and, according to the character of the man who fills that station, proceeds a temporary independence of the pashalick, or its continued subjection to the Sublime Porte. Being so distant from the seat of the Ottoman empire, the sovereign can seldom stretch his hands so far, as to have any substantial control over his delegate; and, when either Persia or the Arabs choose to annoy the pashalick, its defence is usually left to the ways and means of the deputed governor.

“ Dowd (David) the present pasha, who holds the mace of deputed dignity over this far-eastern boundary of the Ottoman power, like many of the Moslem princes, was originally a slave. He is a native of Tiflis, and was sold when very young, with several companions in captivity, to one of his predecessors, in the rank he now holds. His scarcely formed Christian faith easily changed to the profession of Mahometanism; and, as he grew towards manhood, he became one of the Georgian guards attendant on the person of the Pasha of Bagdad. This was a step to future trust and honours, to which his address and talents introduced him; and when his master met his melancholy fate,

the accomplished Georgian found sufficient influence with the divan to get himself nominated his successor.

"A day or two after my arrival at the residence of Mr. Rich, he accompanied me to the palace, where I was to be presented in due form to this almost independent viceroy. The state he assumed was perfectly that of a sovereign prince. In himself, his manners were pleasing, his person rather handsome, with an intelligent and particularly urbane countenance. On his learning that I had passed through Georgia in my way to his capital, the feelings of nature took place of princely ceremonies in his heart. He questioned me repeatedly on the present state of the country; on its hope of lasting tranquillity, and consequent welfare; and as repeatedly expressed his great pleasure in the answers I made, which described the prosperity and comfort it enjoys under the Russian government. He then told me, that his father, mother, and brothers, lived in Tiflis; and asked, "if he were to write to the Russian governor of Georgia, recommending his family to that illustrious person's especial protection, did I think it would be attended to?" I said, "Doubtless; the heart of General Yarmoloff was too good, not to be ready, of itself, to dispense kindness; but I was sure he would be particularly delighted in any opportunity of redoubling his attentions to the pasha's family; and, above all, gratified at receiving a letter from so distinguished a prince." All epistolary communication between the great of these countries being accompanied by a present, his highness proposed to me, sending a particularly fine shawl to the Russian general; but, in consideration of his intended correspondent being a celebrated military character, I took the liberty to recommend a sword. On this suggestion, the pasha commanded, that several of the best should be brought before him; out of which, at his request, I chose what I esteemed the most valuable, and that was one of little exterior ornament, but with a blade well adapted to a soldier's hand. Its temper and beauty could not be exceeded in any country. Our entertainment in the saloon of this Turkish chief, differed in some respects from the like hospitable ceremonies in the courts of Persia. Soon after taking our seats, which he did on our entrance, and opposite to the pasha, small portions of sweetmeats were presented to us on the end of a gold spoon; which was replenished from a golden saucer, held by an attendant in one hand, while he thus appeared to feed us with the other. That over, silken towels were spread on our knees, and coffee served. These napkins were then changed for muslin, finely embroidered; and sherbert, in costly little cups, given us to drink. This light regale being finished, our right hands received from a silver ewer, a profuse ablution of rose-water, which his highness set us the example of bestowing plentifully on the beard and mustachios. In order to accomplish our perfect fragrance, a kind of censer, filled with all sorts of aromatic gums, was held by another attendant for a few seconds near our chins; the exquisite exhalations of which were carefully wafted by our hands over our faces, till the perfume, uniting itself with the essence of rose, insinuated its delightful odours through all the rough appendages of our unshaven visages. Here was the actual ceremony performed upon us, after eating, which I have described as sculptured on the walls of the banqueting chamber in the palace of Persepolis. There a group of persons are seen, "one, holding a sort of cen-

ser, evidently intended for burning perfumes, while in the other hand he carries a vessel resembling a pail ; probably to contain the aromatic gums. The man who follows him, bears a little bottle set in the palm of his right hand, and in the left he holds a piece of linen or towel :” we cannot doubt that all this apparatus was to perform the cleansing rite we had just gone through. The saloon in which we were received, exhibited no gaudy variety of ornament ; and those in attendance, both in demeanour and apparel, were in unison with its cleanliness and simple furniture. Most of these persons, for they were numerous, appeared to be Georgians ; a regular garde de corps, amounting to several hundred well-looking young men of acknowledged bravery and talent, having been the long-established household battalion of the pashas of Bagdad. It is from this body that their favourite ministers are usually chosen ; and too often the ambitious servant manifests his gratitude to his master, by engaging in intrigues to displace him from his authority, or to remove him to a better world ; that he may, for a brief while, seat himself on the same slippery chair of state !”

THE TIGRIS AND EUPHRATES.

“ The Tigris varies as much in the rapidity, as in the depth of its stream, both being governed by the periodical waters that rush from the mountains of Armenia, where its sources are about fifty miles north-west of the valley of Diarbeker. It flows thence, with a swiftness that gave it the ancient Persian name of *Teer* or *Tir*, the arrow, which is descriptive of its course. The average rate of its current is about seven knots an hour. Its first swell takes place in April, and is produced by the melting of the winter snows in the mountains ; its second appears towards the close of October, or the beginning of November, and rises immediately after the annual rains in those high regions. But it is only during the spring torrents, that a complete inundation covers the land, and the city of Bagdad stands like a castellated island in the midst of a boundless sea. This mighty flood does not, however, owe all its waters to the Tigris ; those of the vaster Euphrates, which flow also from Armenia, having received their superabundance about the beginning of March, continue increasing in elevation till the end of April ; at which period, the river being at its highest pitch, remains so until the expiration of June ; and, during that time, having spread its welcome waters to meet the overflowing Tigris, both united cover the surrounding country, west, east, and south, to beyond the reach of sight. Soon after they have subsided, spots, which at this season flourish only partially, become enriched to an amazing luxuriance. Herodotus, speaking of the fertility of Babylonia, ascribes it to the influence of the river ; but remarks, that it does not, like the Nile, enrich the soil by overflowing its banks ; the dispersion of the waters, he adds, being produced by manual labour. Rather, we might say, held in check by that means ; for, doubtless, the perfect state of the numerous canals, now in ruins, or totally lost, would regulate the diffusion more within the limits of what might be called voluntary irrigation ; and when the water is very low, it has always been raised to use by machines on its banks. The Euphrates, or Phrat, is a much more magnificent stream than the Tigris, flowing in a more abundant, circuitous, and majestic course, from its sources in Armenia, through a length of channel estimated at fourteen thousand miles.

CLIMATE OF BAGDAD.

“ The latitude of Bagdad, from the mean observations taken by Mr. Rich and others, is $33^{\circ} 19' 40''$; and the longitude east of Greenwich, $44^{\circ} 44' 45''$. The climate, in general, has the advantage of parts of Persia, in not being variable in such violent extremes; but then its warmest months are certainly insufferable, from the abiding effects of the forty days' prevalence of the consuming samiell. At that season, the thermometer frequently mounts in the shade, from 120 to 140 degrees of heat, according to Fahrenheit. Hence it may easily be conceived that winter is the most genial season here; and the inhabitants tell me, that the air then becomes soft, and of the most delightful salubrity; particularly, they say, from the fifteenth of November to about the middle of January. At present, towards the latter end of October, while I am writing, the skirts of the “withering blast,” seem to be yet hovering over us; the heat standing at 90, and has been from that to 93, on an average, ever since my arrival. When the heat approaches ten degrees beyond this point, the inhabitants betake themselves to the refuge of certain arched apartments called the Zardaub; constructed deep in the foundations of the house, for this very purpose. From their situation they can have no windows; therefore catch their glimpse of daylight as it may glimmer through the doors from the chambers above. Thin matting supplies the place of carpets, and every precaution and method is pursued that can bring coolness to these gloomy abodes; where the chief part of the natives of Bagdad pass the whole of the sultry day, while the atmosphere without retains its more scorching fires. At sunset, each family issues from their subterranean shelters, and ascending to the top of the house, take their evening repast beneath the arch of heaven. And under the same free canopy, “fanned by tepid airs,” they spread their bedding along the variously disposed divisions of the roof; whose irregular forms are so contrived, to catch every zephyr's breath that passes. In these elevated apartments, the natives repose, until the close of October; at which time the days become comparatively cool; and sudden blasts blowing up during the night, from the north and south-east, render sleeping in the open air chilling and dangerous. Hence, at these nocturnal hours, the good people begin to nestle into the warm corners within the house; but during the day, they describe the atmosphere to be every thing that is celestial; so clear, so balmy, so inspiriting, as to yield sufficient excuse to the great monarchs of Persia for deserting the arid regions of their own kingdom at this season, to take up a temporary abode in the salubrious gardens of Amyites.”

CUSTOMS IN BAGDAD.

“ From some sad warp in the present government, hardly a year elapses without making an apparent necessity, under the plea of apprehended scarcity and consequent tumults, for driving some hundreds of the poor inhabitants from within the walls, to seek their bread, on chance, beyond them. That such fears are not groundless, is certain; want of grain creating high prices, and high prices exciting famishing poverty to despair and revolt. Such scarcity arises from two causes. First, oppression in excessive taxation on the husbandman, by robbing him of its fruits, paralyses his industry; and, relaxing his labours, less

corn is grown, less profit is produced to the revenue; exaction then comes in the place of due payment: and the peasantry, driven to desperation, abandoning their villages, seek employment in the city. There the defalcation of grain makes itself speedily known; and the new ingress of claimants renders the want more apparent every hour. To obviate this difficulty, the summary measure is resorted to of annually banishing the most miserable of the inhabitants; to starve in the desert, to wander to the mountains; or, abiding nearer home, to league themselves with robbers, and support themselves and families by plundering and murder.

"We see poverty and distress in the Christian countries of Europe; but we must come to the East to witness the one endured without pity, and the other only noticed to have fresh afflictions heaped upon it. I do not mean to say, that there are not amiable exceptions to this remark; but where charity is not a leading principle of duty, the selfishness of human nature readily turns from the painful or expensive task of sympathizing with the miserable. General hospitality, and universal benevolence, arise from totally different motives; and are, often, as completely distinct in their actions. The one is bestowed on grounds of probable reciprocity of benefit; the other, when not commanded by religion, can only arise from the compassion of a disinterested heart. Hence, though we find individual instances of this species of benevolence in all countries, it is only where Christianity prevails, that care of the poor is practised as a national concern. In the midst of the scenes just described, acting within and without the walls of Bagdad, luxury grows as rankly round the rich, as in the most prosperous cities; and the expenses lavished on "singing-men, and singing-women," brought from afar, are equally enormous. The ladies of Bagdad, in particular, appear to be singularly inclined to festivity; and their assemblies, like those of our own country-women, are generally held during the later hours of the twenty-four. They usually meet, by invitation, at the harem of some one of the wives of the chief officers of state; where due care has been taken to provide the best female dancers, singers, and musicians, that the city affords; and thither, about sunset, the several bidden guests assemble, in the most lovely groups of youth and beauty, attended by their serving-women bearing their narquillies; a sort of hooker or kalioun, of which even the most delicate of the fair sex in these countries are remarkably fond. Before I proceed with the details of the entertainment, it may not be amiss to stop, and describe the dresses of the ladies, in the customary style of drawing-room paraphernalia.

"Women of the first consequence here go about on ordinary occasions on foot, and with scarcely any attendants; it being the etiquette to avoid, when in public, every striking distinction of appearance. In compliance with this fashion, all the fair sex of the city, high and low, walk abroad in the blue-checked *chadre*; its folding drapery having no other mark of an august wearer, than a few gold threads woven into its border. Instead of the white towel-like veil of the Persians, these ladies conceal their faces behind a much more hideous mask; a black stuff envelop of horse-hair. The liberty they possess, of paying visits without the *surveillance* of a male guard, and under these impenetrable garbs, are privileges perhaps too friendly to a license their husbands do not intend. So much the reverse is the case with Persian women

of rank, they hardly move but on horseback, and escorted always by trains of eunuchs, and other trusty vigilants.

“ When the fair pedestrians of Bagdad issue from behind their clouds, on entering their own apartments, or those of the ladies they go to visit, dresses are displayed in every group, of the most gorgeous magnificence ; for it may easily be conceived, that rivalry with regard to personal charms, and graceful habiliments, flourishes amongst the belles of an Eastern harem, as gaily as with those of an European ball-room. The wives of the higher classes in Bagdad are usually selected from the most beautiful girls that can be obtained from Georgia and Circassia ; and, to their natural charms, in like manner with their captive sisters all over the East, they add the fancied embellishments of painted complexions, hands and feet dyed with henna, and their hair and eyebrows stained with the rang, or prepared indigo-leaf. Chains of gold, and collars of pearls, with various ornaments of precious stones, decorate the upper part of their persons, while solid bracelets of gold, in shapes resembling serpents, clasp their wrists and ankles. Silver and golden tissued muslins, not only form their turbans, but frequently their under-garments. In summer, the ample pelisse is made of the most costly shawl, and, in cold weather, lined and bordered with the choicest furs. The dress is altogether very becoming ; by its easy folds, and glittering transparency, showing a fine shape to advantage, without the immodest exposure of the open vest of the Persian ladies. The humbler females generally move abroad with faces totally unveiled, having a handkerchief rolled round their heads, from beneath which their hair hangs down over their shoulders, while another piece of linen passes under their chin, in the fashion of the Georgians. Their garment is a gown of a shift form, reaching to their ankles, open before, and of a grey colour. Their feet are completely naked. Many of the very inferior classes stain their bosoms with the figures of circles, half-moons, stars, &c. in a bluish stamp. In this barbaric embellishment, the poor damsel of Irak Arabi has one point of vanity resembling that of the ladies of Irak Ajem. The former frequently adds this frightful cadaverous hue to her lips ; and, to complete the savage appearance, thrusts a ring through her right nostril, pendent with a flat button-like ornament set round with blue or red stones.”

THE RUINS OF BABYLON.

“ November 9th, 1818.—I was now fully embarked on my long-anticipated expedition ; and having passed the gate of the western suburb, I looked around me on the vast extended Chaldean plain east of the Euphrates, with a delight that seemed for some minutes to send me on the wing over its whole interesting tract ; ranging both sides of that mighty river, and to wherever the majesty of Babylon had flowed down its venerable stream.

“ According to Herodotus, the walls were sixty miles in circumference, built of large bricks cemented together with bitumen, and raised round the city in the form of an exact square ; hence they measured fifteen miles along each face. They were eighty-seven feet thick, and three hundred and fifty high, protected on the outside by a vast ditch lined with the same materials, and proportioned in depth and width to the elevation of the walls. They were

entered by twenty-five gates on each side, made of solid brass; and additionally strengthened by two hundred and fifty towers. Within these walls rose the multitudinous streets, palaces, and other great works of Babylon, including the temple of Belus, the hanging gardens, and all the magnificence which constituted this city the wonder of the world. A branch of the Euphrates flowed through the city, from the north to the south; and was crossed by a strong bridge, constructed at the foundation, of large stones fastened together with lead and iron. While it was building, the course of the river was turned into a large basin, to the west of the town, which had been cut to the extent of forty square miles, and seventy-five feet deep, for a yet nobler purpose; to receive the same ample stream, while the great artificial banks were erected of brick on each side of the bed of the river, to secure the country from its too abundant overflow. Canals were cut for this purpose also; one of these led to the immense basin already described, which, when required, disembogued the river into its capacious bosom; and always continued to receive its superflux; returning the water, when necessary, by various sluices to fructify the ground. During the three great empires of the East, no tract of the whole appears to have been so reputed for fertility and riches as the district of Babylonia; and all arising from the due management of this mighty stream. Herodotus mentions, that even when reduced to the rank of a province, it yielded a revenue to the kings of Persia that comprised half their income. And the terms in which the Scriptures describe its natural, as well as acquired, supremacy when it was the imperial city, evidence the same facts. They call it, 'Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldee's excellency: The Lady of Kingdoms, given to pleasure; that dwellest carelessly, and sayest in her heart, *I am*, and there is none else beside me!' But now, in the same expressive language, we may say, 'She sits as a widow on the ground. There is no more a throne for thee, O daughter of the Chaldeans!' And for the abundance of the country, it has vanished as clean away, as if 'the besom of desolation' had indeed swept it from north to south; the whole land, from the outskirts of Bagdad to the farthest stretch of sight, lying a melancholy waste.

"The present population of this part of the country consists of a race of Arabs, called the tribe of Zobiede; but, from their situation, being much in contact with the Turks, they have lost their national character of independence, and acquired in its stead rather degrading than elevating habits. In times of tranquillity from openly declared warfare, these people and their chief are responsible to the government of the Pasha for the general security of the road from casual predators; but under the present circumstances, when their brethren of the desert issue forth in such formidable hordes, these poor creatures dare hardly show their heads.

"If I complained of want of cleanliness in the persons of the Persian lower orders, I have not terms to express the exceeding loathsomeness of the Arab *Fellah*. The skins of these people are actually ingrained with dirt; and the male children, additionally embrowned by the roasting sun, run about till thirteen or fourteen years of age, without the shadow of a garment. The mothers answer pretty well to the description I have already given of the lowest class in Bagdad. The only difference appears to be, that here their shift-like gowns are al-

ways of a coarse red flannel, open a good way down in front, buttoned at the neck, and touching the ankles and wrists; both of which extremities are usually adorned with massive silver rings. Strings of many-coloured beads hang on their tattooed necks, sometimes enriched with a silver or gold coin. A black handkerchief binds their heads, beneath which devolve their long uncombed tresses. The nose is never without its weighty ring also, which gives rather a snuffling grace to the voice of the wearer.

" The men do not, like the Turks and Persians, shave their heads; but, letting their hair grow, its dark locks much increase the wild and often haggard appearance of their roughly bearded visages. They frequently are seen without other covering than the *kaffia* or cloak, formed of an extremely broad-striped stuff. This is the domestic attire, in which they are met in the vicinity of their homes; but when they go farther a-field, they put on a brown woollen tunic, girt about the middle with a stout leathern belt, armed with a short wooden club, or a long crooked dagger. Most of them carry, in addition, a scymitar, and a small round shield. The head-dress of Arab men appears the point to which they pay the most attention. It is usually of one fashion with all; being composed of a yellow and red piece of stuff, wound round the brows like a close turban, with pointed ends hanging long upon the breast. The wearer sometimes throws one of them across his chin; which piece of drapery, falling on his shoulder, conceals his neck and the whole of the lower part of his face. From the folds round his forehead, depend two twisted braids of long black hair; which add not a little of the savage to the wily air of the lower orders of this tribe.

" Nov. 10.—We left the khaun* of Iskanderia at half-past seven o'clock this morning. Soon after clearing the numerous low heaps of ruins and rubbish diverging from the place, we discovered the golden cupola of Mosseib, reflecting the rising sun, in a direction south 40° west. Having travelled about four miles farther, the usual traces of former buildings spread a vast way on the rest of our road; and one relic, not inferior in bulk to that of Boursa Shishara, stood very conspicuous. It was built of unburnt bricks, marked at their lines of union with no other cement than that of slime; neither reeds, nor straw, appeared outwardly; and at first I judged it to have been of more recent construction than the former pile I had ascended; but, on examining some broken pieces of the bricks, which lay thickly around, I found several bearing remnants of cuneiform inscriptions; proof sufficient of the antiquity of the materials at least. But whether the place, of which the edifice they composed had formed a part, were co-eval with Babylon, or was afterwards erected out of her remains, cannot easily be determined. Yet, so extensive and numerous are the traces of former buildings on the spot, we must conclude that something like a town has existed here: and if the historical accounts are to be depended on, that the original dimensions of Babylon extended to a length and breadth of fifteen miles, the adjacent great villages, or minor towns, usually attendant on metropolitan cities, might very well reach thus far.

" Mahowil lies four miles from the Hadgé's khaun; and is only separated from the plain more immediately connected with the remains of

* Inn or caravansary.

Babylon, by the embankments of two once noble canals, very near each other, and running almost due east and west. In the first, which we crossed by a brick bridge, we saw water. These canals seem at present to be regarded as the boundary, whence the decided vestiges of the great city commence; and we soon discovered their widely spreading tracks. In crossing the bridge, which leads to those immense tumuli of temples, palaces, and human habitations of every description; now buried in shapeless heaps, and a silence profound as the grave; I could not but feel an undescribable awe, in thus passing, as it were, into the gates of 'fallen Babylon.'

"Between this bridge and Hillah (something more than eight miles distant,) three piles of great magnitude particularly attract attention; but there are many minor objects to arrest investigation in the way. A mound of considerable elevation rose on our left as we rode along, not five hundred yards from the second embankment; its sloping sides were covered with broken bricks, and other fragments of past buildings, while the ground around its base presented a most nitrous surface. At a few hundred yards onward again, another mound projected of still greater height, and from it branched subordinate elevations in several directions. I here had a fine view of the great oblong pile, called by the Arabs *Mujelibé*, or rather *Mukallibe*, 'the overturned:' an attributive term, which, however, they do not confine to this sublime wreck alone; other remains, in this immense field of ruin, bearing the same striking designation of the manner of its fall. *Mujelibé* bore from the elevation on which we stood, south 10° west. Having proceeded about a couple of miles from the two canal ridges near *Mahowil*, we advanced to another and higher embankment, of a totally different appearance from that of a water course. It ran almost due east and west, until lost to the eye in the horizon on both sides. I rode a considerable way along its base, to examine whether there might not be some trace of a ditch, and, though I did not discover any, nor, indeed, aught that was at all answerable to our ideas of what would have been even a fragment of the vast bulwark-walls of Babylon, yet I saw no cause to doubt its being a remnant of some minor interior boundary.

"The whole of our road was on a tolerably equal track; excepting where unavoidably broken by small mounds, detached pieces of canal embankments, and other indications of a place in ruins; mingled with marshy hollows in the ground, and large nitrous spots, from the deposits of accumulated rubbish. Indeed it was almost impossible to note, while their number confused our antiquarian researches, the endless ramifications of minor aqueducts, whose remains intersected the way. At about four miles in advance from the long single embankment, or interior boundary ridge I mentioned before, we crossed a very spacious canal; beyond which, to the eastward, the plain appeared a vast uninterrupted flat.

"An hour and a quarter more brought us to the north-east shore of the Euphrates, hitherto totally excluded from our view by the intervening long and varied lines of ruin, which now proclaimed to us on every side, that we were, indeed, in the midst of what had been Babylon. From the point on which we stood, to the base of *Mujelibé*, large masses of ancient foundations spread on our right, more resembling natural hills in appearance, than mounds covering the remains of

former great and splendid edifices. To the eastward also, chains of these undulating heaps were visible, but many not higher than the generality of the canal embankments we had passed. The whole view was particularly solemn. The majestic stream of the Euphrates wandering in solitude, like a pilgrim monarch through the silent ruins of his devastated kingdom, still appeared a noble river, even under all the disadvantages of its desert-tracked course. Its banks were hoary with reeds, and the grey osier willows were yet there, on which the captives of Israel hung up their harps, and, while Jerusalem was not, refused to be comforted. But how is the rest of the scene changed since then! At that time, these broken hills were palaces; those long undulating mounds, streets; this vast solitude, filled with the busy subjects of the proud daughter of the East! Now, 'wasted with misery,' her habitations are not to be found; and, for herself, 'the worm is spread over her!' Our road bent, from the immediate bank of the river, to the south-east; and, after crossing the bed of a very wide canal, almost close to the bank we were leaving, we entered on an open tract, on which I saw the extensive encampment of the Kiahya Bey. The town of Hillah lay a couple of miles beyond it; a long stretch of low-bulwarked wall, but enlivened by cupolas and glittering minarets, and the tops of numerous plantations of date-trees, with other green boughs from the gardens, through whose pleasant avenues we soon approached the gates of the place. On passing them, I found a house prepared for me in the suburb of the city, on the east side of the river, and not far from the bridge. I could not have had a more desirable situation, for comparative coolness and interest of prospect. Our ride this day had occupied nearly nine hours, and over a space of ground about the same as the day before, namely, twenty-eight miles.

"November 12th.—By the appointed hour this morning, the kiahya's officer appeared before my gate, at the head of a hundred well-armed men, some of whom were Arabs, all fairly mounted, and ready to attend me to that part of the desolated land of Shinar which lies west of the Euphrates. My immediate object was the Birs Nimrood; the tower mentioned by Neibuhr with so much regret at his having been prevented, by apprehension of the wild tribes in the desert, from closely examining its prodigious remains. But the observations he was enabled to make, however short of his wishes, were sufficient to awaken in him an idea, now ably supported by the more comprehensive investigations of the present British resident at Bagdad, that in this pile we see the very Tower of Babel, the stupendous artificial mountain erected by Nimrod in the plain of Shinar, and on which, in after-ages, Nebuchadnezzar raised the temple of Belus. It lies about six miles south-west of Hillah. On leaving the suburb on the eastern shore of the river, we crossed a bridge of thirty-six pontoons, all considerably smaller than those over the Tigris at Bagdad, and like them in a neglected state. The width of the Euphrates at this passage, is four hundred and thirty feet. On quitting the crazy timbers of the bridge, which gave terrible note of insecurity, under the tramping feet of my attendant troopers, we entered the most considerable part of the town of Hillah; and, after riding through a narrow and crowded bazar, nearly suffocated with the double evils of heat and stench, and thence proceeding along three or four close streets, at intervals opened to the fresh air by intervening heaps of ruins, we reached the western

gate, called that of Tahmasia, which happily delivered us into a freer atmosphere. We left the high banks of the Tajya canal on our right, or, as it is otherwise called, the Ali Pasha trench, (cut to defend the town from the marauders of the desert,) running in a direction north-west; and rapidly over the apparently boundless plain, found the ground in general perfectly flat, and in parts very marshy. My eyes ranged on all sides, while crossing this vast barren tract, which, assuredly, had of old been covered, if not by closely compacted streets, at least with the parks and gardens attached to distinct mansions, or divisions of this once imperial city; but all was withered and gone, and, comparatively, level to the very horizon, till the object of my expedition presented itself, standing alone in the solitary waste like the awful figure of Prophecy herself, pointing to the fulfilment of her word.

"At the moment of my first seeing it, the tower bore from us south 7° west; to which point we made direct forward, hastening our speed as we approached nearer the stupendous pile. During almost the whole of our ride, I had observed numerous spots on the plain, showing the saline encrustment usually found where buildings have formerly stood; also a long line of broken bank on our left: but here, at about five miles from Hillah, certainly commenced the first western very elevated traces of former edifices, beginning with some considerable mounds, near to the remains of an old canal, through whose bed we passed, and which stretched first southward, and then bent westward. About six hundred yards further brought us to a second canal of vaster dimensions than the preceding, being full thirty yards across, with very high embankments, broken into a succession of little hillocks. This canal took a direction to our right for nearly three-quarters of a mile, corresponding to the line of the other on our left; running first north and west, then taking a sweep gradually due south, bent again, and (according to the observation I could make by my glass, while standing on one of the hillocks,) described a line to the eastward, till it joined the narrower canal through whose channel we had recently passed. The space thus inclosed, seemed to be about two miles; forming, though in ruins, the outlines of a vast court, or area, round the sublimest monument of the past, still rearing its shattered summit towards the heavens. On observing the range of these canals, or trenches, it struck me, that the inner bank may have been a wall; and in that case, the surrounding channel becomes a feature of exterior defence. Almost all over the ground between the base of the great pile itself and these boundaries, abundant vestiges of former building are visible; exhibiting uneven heaps of various sizes, covered with masses of broken brick, tiles, and vitrified fragments, all silently eloquent of some former signal overthrow.

"On coming within this traceable area, I found its irregular surface thronged with the Kiahya's horsemen; while the commander himself, with the leaders of his troops, had dismounted, and were already ascended into the mount itself. This intelligence did not delight me quite so much as my informer seemed to anticipate; for these were companions in my researches I had neither expected nor desired; being well aware that the formality of court ceremonies would ill agree with the freedom of my purposed movements. I do not deny that their groups were eminently picturesque, and, from their magni-

fident or wildly various Asiatic costume, mingled more harmoniously with the character of this venerable wonder of the East, than the garb of a European stranger; but yet their presence was discordant to me; for, perhaps, that strange European garb covered the only breast present, which felt the solemn import of that still existing pile, up whose acclivities he was slowly ascending; and amidst whose awfully stricken summits he found the Turkish commander, quietly seated amongst his officers, smoking his pipe, while awaiting the coffee his servants were preparing in another part of the stupendous ruin! The moment I appeared before him, he rose and welcomed me; declaring, with all the pomp of oriental compliment, that, 'though he had accorded me a personal guard for short excursions, he valued my life too highly to permit its being exposed to the dangers of the desert, without an escort adequate to his friendship,—himself! Of course, I duly thanked him, though in far humbler language; and, probably, therefore much nearer the level of his real motive, which, I suspect, was curiosity, rather than such superabundant zeal in my service. It is a common idea with the Turks here, that the true object with Europeans, in visiting the banks of the Euphrates, is not to explore antiquities, as we pretend, but to make a laborious pilgrimage to these almost shapeless relics of a race of unbelievers more ancient than ourselves; and to perform certain mysterious religious rites before them, which excite no small curiosity amongst the faithful, to pry into. However, nothing of this was shown, by either my illustrious escort or any of his body-guard; and, after civilly enduring an hour's delay in my pursuits, by remaining in his company, I left him to his repose, or his own pious ablutions; and descended the pile, to regularly commence my observations.

" The present shape and dimensions of this huge mass of building, when seen from the East, appears like an oblong hill, sweeping irregularly upwards towards its western aspect, in a broad pyramidal form. It measures at the base 694 yards, (3082 feet;) at least, as nearly that, as the dilapidated state of the outline there would allow me to ascertain. On looking towards its eastern face, it extends in width 153 yards (459 feet,) and presents two stages of hill; the first showing an elevation of about 60 feet, cloven in the middle into a deep ravine, and intersected in all directions by furrows, channelled there by the descending rains of succeeding ages. The summit of this first stage, stretches in rather a flattened sweep to the base of the second ascent, which springs out of the first in a steep and abrupt conical form, terminated at the top by a solitary standing fragment of brick-work, like the ruin of a tower. From the foundation of the whole pile, to the base of this piece of ruin, measures about 200 feet; and from the bottom of the ruin to its shattered top, are 35 feet. On the western side, the entire mass rises at once from the plain in one stupendous, though irregular pyramidal hill, broken, in the slopes of its sweeping acclivities, by the devastations of time and rougher destruction. The southern and northern fronts are particularly abrupt towards the point of the brick ruin; but in both these views we have a profile of the first stage of the Birs, which I fully described in approaching the eastern face. My advance to the northern steep was much interrupted by large masses of fine and solid brick-work, projecting from amongst the far-spreading heaps of rubbish at its base, and which had evidently

been parts of the original facing of the lower ranges of the pile. I shall describe these fragments more particularly hereafter; meanwhile observing, that it is only on the northern side they occur.

“ The tower-like ruin on the extreme summit is a solid mass, 28 feet broad, constructed of the most beautiful brick masonry, and presenting the apparent angle of some structure originally of a square shape; the remains of which stand on the east, to a height of 35 feet, and to the south 22 feet. It is rent from the top to nearly half-way to the bottom; unquestionably by some great convulsion of nature, or some even more extraordinary destructive efforts of man. The materials of the masonry are furnace-burnt bricks, of a much thinner fabric than most of those which are found east of the river, on the spot to which some writers confine the remains of Babylon. I had not explored that ground when I first visited the Birs Nimrood; but I had seen many of the Babylonian bricks at Hillah, forming the court and walls of the house I inhabited; and which had been brought from the mounds of the ancient great city, to assist in erecting the modern miserable town. The cement which holds the bricks together, that compose the ruin on the summit of the Birs, is so hard, that my most violent attempts could not separate them. Hence I failed in discovering whether these bore any inscriptive stamps on their surface; marks invariably found, where they exist at all, on the side of the bricks which faces downwards. Why they were so placed, we cannot guess; but so it is, in all the primitive remains of ancient Babylonia; but in the more modern structures of Bagdad, Hillah, and other places erected out of her spoils, these inscribed bricks are seen facing in all directions. While on the summit of the Birs, I examined many of the fine brick fragments which lay near the foot of the piece of standing wall, to see whether bitumen had been used any where in their adhesion, but I could not trace the smallest bit. The cement throughout was lime, spread in a very thin layer, not thicker than a quarter of an inch, between each brick and its neighbour; and, thin as this cement was laid, it contained a spreading of straw through the midst of it. The standing piece of ruin is perforated in ranges of square openings; through which the light and air have free passage. The latter admission may have been deemed necessary to preserve the interior of the building from the abiding influence of damp. For, that this tower-like relic is a remains of what formerly constituted a part of some interior division of the great pile itself, I shall presently attempt to show. At the foot of this piece of wall, on its southern and western sides, besides the minor fragments I have just mentioned as having inspected in search of bitumen, lay several immense unshapen masses of similar fine brick-work; some entirely changed to a state of the hardest vitrification, and others only partially so. In many might be traced the gradual effects of the consuming power which had produced so remarkable an appearance; exhibiting parts burnt to that variegated dark hue, seen in the vitrified matter lying about in glass manufactories; while through the whole of these awful testimonies of the fire, (whatever fire it was!) which, doubtless, hurled them from their original elevation, the regular lines of the cement are visible, and so hardened in common with the bricks, that when the masses are struck they ring like glass. On examining the base of the standing wall, contiguous to these huge transmuted substances, it is found totally free from any similar changes, in short, quite

in its original state; hence I draw the conclusion, that the consuming power acted from above, and that the scattered ruin fell from some higher point than the summit of the present standing fragment. The heat of the fire which produced such amazing effects, must have burnt with the force of the strongest furnace; and from the general appearance of the cleft in the wall, and these vitrified masses, I should be inclined to attribute the catastrophe to lightning from heaven. Ruins, by the explosion of any combustible matter, would have exhibited very different appearances.

“On the face of the pile itself, a little way down its northern brow, a considerable space of similar fine brick masonry is visible. The bricks here measure three inches and a quarter in thickness, by twelve inches in length. They are a pale red, and cemented, like the upper mural fragment, with lime. In this wall, also, are square apertures, running deep into the interior of the pile; and, notwithstanding that the masonry is greatly injured in places, yet, from its general smoothness and well finished work, I cannot doubt its having formed a part of the grand casing of fine brick, which every observation on this gigantic ruin, leads us to suppose encrusted the whole structure in gradual stages. Lower down, and more to the eastward, we have another and larger vestige of this sort of wall, presenting itself in an angular form; one of its faces fronting the east. Here the work is altogether on a vaster scale; the bricks being four inches and three quarters thick, by twelve and three quarters in length; and are joined by a bed of mortar more than an inch deep. The bricks, though decidedly furnace-burnt, are of a much softer texture than those described above, and the cement is of a coarser quality. The use of straw in the midst of the layers of lime, as seen in the upper remains, was here also every where evident; but here it was quite mouldered away, its impression alone being visible.

“The space of wall, now under description, is of considerable extent, and appears to me to have actually formed part of the north-west angle of the pile in its ancient state. But what marks it as an object of particular observation is, that the courses of its bricks do not run level, but have a gentle inclination on its northern face, towards the east; and on its eastern face, they slope to the south. This singularity cannot be accounted for by ascribing it to the electric shock that may have split, and, possibly, overturned part of the superstructure; their situation in the building being too distant from that point to be affected by the means of its destruction. At some yards still lower down we came to an excavation, or rather very large and deep hole, made by the clearing away of the rubbish; and through it we plainly discerned, what I may call the pith of the building; that is, the composition of the solid body, and base of the pile; which consisted of sun-dried bricks, of the same dimensions with those from the furnace, described in the last specimen of wall, and which, like the bark of a tree, seem to have encased the whole. These interior, and, I may term them, imperishable materials, are cemented together by layers of slime and broken straw, lying full an inch and a half in thickness; and through this vast, consolidated mass, large square holes, (each two feet in height, by one in width) penetrate, apparently, to the very heart of the structure.

“I have now noticed, not merely the general appearance of the Birs

on all its sides, but every remaining piece of wall, still perceptible, through the deep accumulations of mouldering and broken fragments, which invade the distinct lines of this ever-wonderful monument; but I have yet to remark, that, with regard to the use of bitumen, I saw no vestige of it whatever on any remnant of building on the upper ascents, and therefore drier regions. It was towards the foundations of the burnt brick-walls, lower down, and on the large fragments of brick-ruins at the base of the pile, that I first discovered any specimens; and there I found them in great quantities. These circumstances led me to suppose, that bitumen was chiefly confined by the Chaldean builders to the foundations and lower parts of their edifices; for the purpose of preventing the ill effects of the damp and water, to which this country must always have been liable from the successive inundations of the river. The same reason accounts for the perforation in the body of the buildings; to give vent to the consequent evaporation from the moisture below. Amongst the many specimens of bitumen I picked up, were several large cakes, more than ten inches long, and three in thickness; appearing to have been the casing of some work, perhaps the lining of a water-course.

“On observing Birs Nimrood from the plain, if we admit the projecting stage towards the east to have been any part of the real base of the original pile, then we must see that the tower-like remains, now forming its highest pyramidal point, do not rise over the true centre of the building. But if we subtract that projection from the base, and regard it only as a platform, or court of approach, then we have a remaining ground of elevation exactly adapted to make the present highest point that of its primary centre; and this result, the four views I have given, will sufficiently show. Indeed, the effects of the gradual mouldering of any tower, or conical structure, will always, while a vestige remains, define themselves, and therefore, in the general outline, that of the building; which common fact, if allowed in this instance, presents the present ruin, as I would limit its base, in a form more consonant to historical details of the Temple of Belus, than if we were to suppose its foundations had been spread over the whole oblong surface.

“All around its present base extends to some distance an open area, bounded by mounds, which I shall more particularly mention hereafter, having first described one that may be called of prodigious magnitude, though under the shadow of Babel itself. It is distant from the eastern front of the great pile about 270 feet; extends north and south to a breadth of 1242 feet; where those two sides take rather a triangular form, to a distance of 1935 feet, meeting, in a bend, to the eastward. The whole of its summit and sides are furrowed into endless hollows, and traversing channels, the effect of time, accident, and various sorts of violences; and all are thickly embedded with fragments of bricks, tiles, vitrifications, bitumen, &c. the remnants of superstructures now no more.

“The only objects now seen above its desolate surface, are two small Mahomedan buildings, called Koubbés; meaning oratories, or places of prayer. The one bears the name of Makam Ibrahim Khali, the other that of Makam Saheb Zeman; but both are nearly in ruins. Standing on this super-eminent mound, as a central position, from it I made my observations on all the remains yet visible within what must have been the great encompassing quadrangle of the sacred enclosure.

The great mound and the great tower occupied the interior space of the quadrangle, with a large open area stretching on all sides of them ; but, on looking towards the north, where the area measured across between three and four hundred feet, at that distance I observed mounds of varied elevations in unconnected heaps, filling the ground from that line to the bank of the great canal i mentioned having passed in my approach to the Birs. Clustering ranges of these remains appear to continue, curving round to the east ; then a vacuum occurs ; then they commence again, running from the eastward in a similar sweeping direction along the southern front of the great mounds. Many of these latter vestiges are but very faint, yet they are sufficient to prove the existence of former structures on those spots, and the regular plan of their disposition. There are, likewise, answering chains, of apparent greater consequence, to the west, rising about 200 yards from the supreme pile ; and these connect themselves with others to the north and south.

“ From the elevation on which I stood, I traced, without difficulty, the lines of embankment also, which had compassed the whole sacred area. The extent of their broken remains appears to agree very nearly with that mentioned by Herodotus as enclosing the ground of the temple of Belus ; he describing it to be quadrangular, on each side measuring two stadia, or one thousand feet. On extending my view beyond the boundary, to the south, all seemed flat, arid desert ; to the westward, the same trackless waste presented itself ; but towards the north-east, very considerable marks of buried ruins were visible to a vast distance. In a direction south 50° east, I could plainly discern the golden cupola of Mesched Ali ; and, on the same line of the horizon, but about 30° more to the eastward, I saw the dark summit of a very lofty mound, which I calculate to be the same mentioned by Mr. Rich, in his “ Memoir on the Ruins of Babylon,” distant many miles from their boundaries ; and, to which notice, he adds the interesting circumstance, that a few years ago, a cap, or diadem, of pure gold, and some other articles of the same metal, were found there by the Khezail Arabs ; but who refused to give them up to the pasha. Had they been resigned to him, and preserved, an opportunity of examining such antiquities would have been very desirable. So high a mass of ruin as the mound presented, can hardly be supposed to cover any thing less than the remains of a fortress, a palace, or one of those enormous piles consecrated to religion and astronomy, which appears to have been erected in every city of Babylonia ; answering in general shape at least, as well as purpose, to the great centre of Sabian worship, the Temple of Belus, in Babylon itself.

“ Besides the mound I have just mentioned, as that of the diadem, I saw from the height on which I continued to stand, many distant points, to which my companions gave the names of Koubbés and tombs, and added several curious traditions respecting them.

“ During my traversing the ruins, both of the tower and the mound, I picked up curious fragments of brick and bitumen, besides pieces of broken marble, and several thin copper coins in a very corroded state. With respect to the specimens of brick, both sun-dried and fire-burnt, there were ample quantities every where ; giving us an idea, how very opportune the furnaces might have been, which manufactured the latter, to execute the mad judgments of either Nimrod or Nebuchad-

nezzar. The bricks which compose the tower, and its appending objects, are mostly stamp'd with three lines of inscription, in the cuneiform, or, as it is commonly called, the Babylonian character. Some extend to four, or even seven lines; but, though differing in this respect, the dimensions of all are the same; the only superiority appears in those of seven lines being better stamp'd than those with the fewer numbers. However, I could only draw these observations from fragments about, and I examined a great many; entire detached bricks not being now to be found on the ruin. I have already mentioned that the bricks of Babylon are of two kinds, sun-dried and fire-burnt. The former is generally largest, as it is of a coarser fabric than the latter; but its solidity seems, by proof, to be equal to the hardest stone. It is composed of clay mixed with chopped straw, or broken reeds, to compact it, and then dried in the sun. Here, then, besides tracing the first builders of Babel in their very executed work, 'Go to, let us make brick, and burn them thoroughly!' we find the exact sort of brick which the children of Israel made, during their captivity in Egypt: 'And Pharaoh commanded the task-masters, and said, ye shall no more give the people straw to make bricks,' &c. These unburnt bricks commonly form the interior or mass of any strong foundation amongst these ruins; and this is the case with the great tower, while it is, or rather has been, faced with the more beautiful fabric of those manufactured in the furnace or kiln. From every account left us by historians of the supereminently stupendous structure of the Tower of Belus, we must seek it on the banks of the Euphrates, and on the site of Babylon; and of all the colossal mounds which remains amongst its far-spreading ruins, not one appears to answer so fully, in place, dimensions, and aspect, to all their pictures of the tower, whether called by the name of Babel or of Belus, as this sublime inhabitant of the desert, known universally to the present descendants of Ishmael, by the name of Birs Nimrood. The etymology of the word Birs, Mr. Rich considers difficult to trace. He observes, that it does not appear to be Arabic, though it is possible to be some term which has suffered the corruptions of time, that might originally be derived from that language, or the Chaldean. There are words in both, similar to it in sound; in the latter meaning a palace, or splendid building; in the former, a sandy desolation, or the habitation of daemons. The Arabs, as I mentioned before, call it Birs Nimrood; but the remnant of the captivity, still abiding amongst 'the waters of Babylon,' when they speak of it, call it Nebuchadnezzar's prison."

Extracts from the "Journal of a Survey to Explore the Sources of the Rivers Ganges and Gumna." By Capt. Hodgson, 10th Regt. Native Infantry.

HIMALAYA MOUNTAINS.

A sharp peak across the river; call it the pyramid. Height above the — 20,966 feet.

A rock on the great snowy bed, over which we are to pass, proved to be distant 9,044 feet, and its height above this place 984 feet, the angle of elevation being $6^{\circ} 15'$, which is the general inclination of the snowy bed; as our progress was continued far beyond this rock, it

will easily be imagined that the crest or summit of the bed, *then distant* five or more miles by estimation, must have considerable elevation.

We had brought very few followers onwards from Gangotri, but here we sent back every one we could possibly dispense with, that our small stock of grain might subsist the remainder, who were a few trusty fellows (Mussulmans) two Gorc'ha Sipahis, and a few Coolies, for two days, or three, if possible, in the event of our being able to get over the snow in front. And I sent orders to the people at Gangotri to leave grain there if they had any to spare, and if they did not hear of any supply coming from Reital, to make the best of their way back till they met it; and then to halt for us, and send some on to us.

Having made all the arrangements we could on the important head of supplies, and made observations, we had leisure to admire the very singular scenery around us, of which it is impossible to give an adequate description.

The dazzling brilliancy of the snow was rendered more striking by its contrast with the dark blue colour of the sky, which is caused by the thinness of the air; and at night, the stars shone with a lustre which they have not in a denser atmosphere. It was curious too to see them, when rising, appear like one sudden flash, as they emerged from behind the bright snowy summits close to us, and their disappearance, when setting behind the peaks, was as sudden as we generally observed it to be in their occultations by the moon.

We were surrounded by gigantic peaks entirely cased in snow, and almost beyond the regions of animal and vegetable life, and an awful silence prevailed, except when broken by the thundering peals of falling avalanches. Nothing met our eyes resembling the scenery in the haunts of men; by moonlight, all appeared cold, wild, and stupendous, and a Pagan might aptly imagine the place a fit abode for demons. We did not see even bears, or musk deer, or eagles, or any living creature, except some small birds.

To form an idea of the imposing appearance of a snowy peak, as seen here under an angle of elevation of nearly 33° , and when its distance is not quite three miles, and yet its height is 8,052 feet above the station, one should reflect that if even when viewed from the plains of Hindustan, at angles of elevation of one, and one and a half degree, these peaks towering over many intermediate ranges of mountains, inspire the mind with ideas of the grandeur, even at so great a distance: how much more must they do so when their whole bulk, cased in snow from the base to the summit, at once fills the eye. It falls to the lot of few to contemplate so magnificent an object as a snow-clad peak rising to the height of upwards of a mile and a half, at the short horizontal distance of only $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

May 31.—Along, and above the right bank of the river, rocks and snow.

Descent to the bed of the river, enclosed by rocks.

A most wonderful scene. The B'hāgiratt'hī or Ganges issues from under a very low arch at the foot of the grand snow bed. The river is here bounded to the right and left by high snow and rocks; but in front over the debouche, the mass of snow is perfectly perpendicular, and from the bed of the stream to the summit, we estimate the thickness

at little less than 300 feet of solid frozen snow, probably the accumulation of ages; it is in layers of some feet thick, each seemingly the remains of a fall of a separate year. From the brow of this curious wall of snow, and immediately above the outlet of the stream, large and hoary icicles depend; they are formed by the freezing of the melted snow-water of the top of the bed, for in the middle of the day, the sun is powerful, and the water produced by its action falls over this place in cascades, but is frozen at night. The Gangotri Brahmin who came with us, and who is only an illiterate mountaineer, observed, that he thought these icicles must be Mahādēva's hair, from whence, as he understood it is written in the *Shāstra*, the Ganges flows. I mention this, thinking it a good idea, but the man had never heard of such a place as actually existing, nor had he, or any other person, to his knowledge, ever been here. In modern times they may not, but Hindus of research may formerly have been here, and if so, I cannot think of any place to which they might more aptly give the name of a Cow's Mouth than to this extraordinary debouche. The height of the arch of snow is only sufficient to let the stream flow under it. Blocks of snow were falling about us, so there was little time to do more than to measure the size of the stream. Measured by a chain, the mean breadth was 27 feet. The greatest depth at that place being knee deep, or 18 inches, but more generally a foot deep, and rather less just at the edges, say 9 or 10 inches; however, call the mean depth 15 inches. Believing this to be (as I have every reason to suppose it is) the first appearance of the famous and true Ganges in daylight, saluted her with a bugle march, and proceeded, (having to turn a little back to gain an oblique path) to the top of the snow-bed; having ascended it to the left.

Pretty strong ascent up to the inclined bed of snow. This vast collection of snow is about $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile in width, filling up the whole space between the feet of the peaks to the right and left: we can see its surface forward to the extent of four or five miles, or more, to where it is bounded on the left by the feet of the Four Saints, and to the right by snow spurs from other mountains beyond Mount Moira. These last spurs rather overtop the feet of the Saints, and to them, and to the place where we judge there is a ridge, is all ascent over snow.

Ascent of the same kind; general acclivity 7° , but we pass over small hollows in the snow, caused by its irregular subsiding. A very dangerous place; the snow stuck full of rubbish, and rocks imbedded in it. Many rents in the snow appear to have been recently made, their sides shrinking and falling in. A man sunk into the snow, and was got out not without some delay. The bed of the Ganges is to the right, but quite concealed by the snow.

In high hope of getting on to what may be at the top of the acclivity, we have come on cheerfully over the hollow and treacherous compound of snow and rubbish, but now with bitter regret, we both agree that to go on is impossible. The sun is melting the snow on all sides, and its surface will not bear us any longer. I have sunk up to my neck as well as others. The surface is more and more ragged, and broken into chasms, rifts, and ravines, of snow with steep sides. Ponds of water form in the bottoms of these, and the large and deep pools at the bottoms of the snow hollows, and which were in

the earlier part of the day frozen, are now liquid. It is evident from the falling in of the sides of the rents in the snow, that there are hollows below, and that we stand on a treacherous foundation. It is one o'clock, and the scene full of anxiety and awe. The avalanches fall from Mount Moira with the noise of thunder, and we fear our unsteady support may be shaken by the shocks, and that we may sink with it.

And here we were obliged to return ! Had it been possible to have got across the chasms in the snow, we would have made every exertion, so anxious were we to get forward ; but onward, their sides were so steep, and they appeared of such great depth, that I do not think it would be possible to pass them (this year at least), even if the snow was not as at this hour soft, and the bottoms of the chasms filling with water. Be that as it may, they are now utterly impassable. At this season snow must fall here whenever it rains below, so that it does not acquire such hardness at the top as it does on the avalanches we have hitherto passed, where no new snow at present falls. We now set out on our return, and not too soon, as we found ; for the snow was so soft, and the increase of the water so great, that though we went with the utmost expedition, it was only by $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours hard labour of wading and floundering in the snow, and scrambling among rocks, where they would give a footing, that we reached the turf, tired and bruised with falls, and the skin taken off from our faces and hands by the sun and drying wind of these elevated regions.

It now remains to give some account of this bed or valley of snow, which gives rise to the Ganges. It appears that we passed up it, somewhat more than a mile and a half. From our last station, we could see onwards as we estimated about five miles to where there seemed to be a crest or ridge of considerable elevation, though low when compared with the great peak which flanked it. The general slope of the surface of the snow valley was 7° , which was the angle of elevation of the crest, while that of the peak of St. George, one of those which flanked it to the left, was $17^{\circ} 49'$. In the space we had passed over the snow bed, the Ganges was not to be seen ; it was concealed probably many hundred feet below the surface. We had a fair view onward, and there was no sign of the river ; and I am firmly convinced, that its *first appearance in day* is at the debouche I have described. Perhaps indeed some of those various chasms and rents in the snow bed which intersect it in all sort of irregular directions, may occasionally let in the light on some part of the bed of the stream, but the general line and direction of it could only be guessed at, as it is altogether here far below the broken snowy surface. The breadth of the snow valley or bed is about a mile and a half, and its length may be six and a half miles, or seven miles from the debouche of the river to the summit of the slope, which terminated our view : as to the depth of the snow, it is impossible to form a correct judgment, but it must be very great. It may easily be imagined that a large supply of water is furnished at this season by the melting of this vast mass in the valley, as well as by the melting of that of the great peaks which bound it. From their bases torrents rush, which, cutting their way under snow, tend to the centre of the valley, and form the young Ganges, which is further augmented by the waters which filter through the rents of the snow bed itself. In this manner, all the Himalaya

rivers, whose heads I have visited and passed over, are formed; they all issue in a full stream from under thick beds of snow, and differ from the Ganges inasmuch as their streams are less, and so are their parent snows. On our return down the snow valley, we passed nearer to its north side than in going up, and saw a very considerable torrent cutting under it from the peaks; this was making its way to the centre: at times we saw it through rents in the snow, and at others only heard its noise. As there must be several more such feeders, they will be fully sufficient to form such a stream, as we observed the Ganges to be at the debouche in the space of six or seven miles. I am fully satisfied that if we could have gone further, that we should not have again seen the river, and that its appearance at Mahādēva's hair, or whatever we may choose to call it, was the real and first debouche of the B'hāgiratt'hī.

No volcanoes were seen or heard of in these mountains, whose composition is granite of various kinds and colours. No shells or animal remains were seen. The magnetic variation was small, and differing little, if at all, from what it is on the plains of the upper provinces; it is from $40'$ to 1° and 2° according to different needles, and is easterly, by which I mean that the variation must be added to the magnetic azimuth. The diurnal small changes in the barometer were perceptible, the mercury always falling a little before noon as in the plains.

Bears abound in the higher mountains, also the goorul or boorul, an animal between the deer and goat, and the pheir, a larger animal of the same kind. I have preserved the skin, horns, and bones, of the head of one shot near Jumnotri. Near the villages where snow lies a great part of the year, there are abundance of the Monaul pheasants and chakors. In the lower mountains there are black partridges, and tigers, leopards and bears. I never saw any snakes in the cooler regions.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

MOST men, with the exception of the humble Christian, are vain of their own particular eminence, and seldom fail to show some exultation in it over all others who are in that respect their inferiors, though those others profess great merit of their own, merit allowed perhaps to be the greater in a just estimate, and though each may value and love the other sincerely. It is extraordinary that even artificial politeness does not go farther than it usually does in covering this adulation of self: but that thin veil has almost always some fissure through which the true character is discernible. And no man, who sees that another thinks inwardly; "I have fortune, or station, or ability, or even personal grace and dexterity, which set me higher than you, though I acknowledge that you have also your good qualities which I very sincerely regard and esteem;" no man who sees that another thinks thus, though he may and often does still entertain a reciprocal regard and attachment, can feel any thing of the true fervour of friendship.

The case is the plainer, because it is seen to occur even among men who, to the other elements of friendship, had in time past added that of equality, and had been very intimately and dearly connected,—but

who have embarked in different professions, or fallen into different habits of life. In such cases, the ties of friendship are often maintained closely and permanently; but often the soldier learns to think of the divine that he is become embarrassed with a professional bigotry, and the divine supposes the feelings of the lawyer to be overgrown by legal chicanery. Hence arise mutual alienation and distrust; though it sometimes happens, and must happen on these principles, that the friendship continues to subsist in one mind, even when it has ceased for ever in the other.

Or suppose that the friends, instead of embarking in life with different ventures, or with different objects in view, devote themselves to the same profession, but follow it, as must naturally be the case, with very different degrees of success. Here, too, in many cases, the friendship will remain unchangeable: in many more cases, I firmly believe, will the recollection of common studies and common ability keep up the lively feeling through all discrepancy of circumstances, than any other bond of union not absolutely and essentially moral.

But, on the other hand, how numerous are the instances in which nothing but the mere difference of success gradually estranges the firmest friends from each other! The more fortunate, though he may sincerely love to cherish his early and habitual regards and attachments, is seen to imply by something in air and demeanour, by some expression, which may be too evanescent to fix: "We now live in very different circles. I see the wheels which put that surface in motion, which alone is apparent to the gaze of the public. Events have proved that I add to natural talent a tact and a prudence in the application of it, which is every way a more valuable possession."—Wherever the least degree of such a sentiment as this does but seem to mix itself in the estimate which one man makes of another, their friendship is already evaporated.

Nor is it evaporated only because in many, or probably in most cases, such sentiment is only the product of an overweening vanity or self-conceit, which cannot estimate the true value of those qualities which may flourish in a contented obscurity. Friendship is not the less annihilated, when all the facts are true which have given birth to the sentiment. That they may be true cannot be questioned, particularly since that exercise of talent which is usually exacted by station, and that prudence which is acquired by the conduct of affairs, do actually augment the powers of the mind in a degree which is seldom duly estimated by those who, from a station of privacy, think that they see more than the actors of the true meaning of what passes in the world.

FROM THE PORT FOLIO OF THE LATE ALEXANDER STEPHENS.

TRADING AUTHORS.

In London and Paris, where artificial employments are carried to the highest degree of refinement, there are tribes of men who live by writing for the public press. Periodical works must be filled. A certain number of pages are pledged to appear, and originality of form and composition are expected. Hence there is constant employment

in Reviews, Magazines, and Newspapers for those who combine some talent with much industry. Translating, too, is another source of literary employment; and editing new editions of books, and index-making, are other sources.

As quality is not reducible to any previous standard, payment is generally made by the printed sheet; and, the measure being superficial, it is not to be wondered that the productions are also *superficial*. *Thought* is the *material* of the writer by the sheet, and is the gold with which he contrives to gild a certain number of pages. Of course he lays it on in proportion to the price he is paid, and we have single and double gilding, and plating of various thicknesses in literature, as well as in the metallic arts.

It is amusing to carry this idea through the pages of a review or magazine. The writers and the readers are constantly at issue. The former is endeavouring to beat out his small stock of thoughts into the greatest number of pages, is eking them out by antitheses, comparisons, figures, and well-rounded periods; while the weary reader is vainly looking for original ideas and useful conclusions. Their objects, however, are different. The author must eat, and must fill a certain number of pages; and the reader must be content if he catch one good thought in a thousand words; or in ten thousand, if the style is easy, graceful, and flowing.

Small type and matters of fact are the bane of authorship. A close-printed page, and the details of art and science, are as much dreaded by a practised author as a whipping-cart by a pickpocket. On the contrary, essays about nothing, about trifles, or common-place topics; or reviews which admit of long quotations, strung together with short paragraphs, are perennial blessings. Of the former an industrious writer cannot produce a sheet in a month, while of the latter he can produce a sheet, day after day, before he dines.

In my early days the Monthly Review used to give three guineas a sheet, or four shillings a page, quotations included; and it transcended and has outlived the Critical, because the latter paid but two, and therefore had the aid only of those writers who could not get engagements in the Monthly. The magazines in general paid but two, but the European under Perry paid three. Phillips got the ill-will of the other proprietors by paying five, and upwards; but then he undid his authors by his small type, and by his matters of fact, of which he exhausts them, in succession, in a few months. The Edinburgh Review gave ten guineas for essays; the Quarterly followed at fifteen: others have given as much; and while the public, or any considerable portion of the public, are gratified by long-winded essays, this species of publication will succeed. But it is melancholy to see on the book-stalls the numerous extinct works, which are selling for little more than waste-paper, though filled with ably-written essays, paid for at the best price of their day. They seem like the garnish at a feast, which may please the eye and the fancy, but we turn from them to the solid dishes, just as we do to works of solid information. The one is the art of the cook paid for per quantum, and the other is eternal nature, which no art can supply, or essentially improve.

I was delighted in Paris to find that the *corps de gens de lettres* consist for the most part of men of small independent fortunes, and could even boast of men of wealth; whereas in London, where every thing

is so commercial, this class consists chiefly of needy adventurers, dependent from month to month on the exertions of their brains.

The proprietors of our two most established miscellanies have at different times assured me, that they value their successive numbers in the inverse ratio of the number of their purchased communications; and that their most interesting papers consist in the occasional volunteer contributions of the public at large. These they consider as their substantial dishes, and the paid communications merely as garnish. This seems likely to be the fact.

DR. WOLCOT.

I used to meet Peter Pindar in dinner-parties at Sir Richard Phillips's. He was one of the strongest-headed and shrewdest men I ever knew. He had a certain round of stories, but they were excellent, and would bear repetition. He acted as well as spoke, and imitated the tones of his speakers with great felicity. Many of his stories were farces, in which he represented all the *dramatis personæ*.

He wrote against the court, but was neither a patriot nor politician. His court scandal was derived from Weltjie, the Prince's cook, and his poems were well received at Carlton-House. He hated democracy, and always favoured aristocratic opinions and practices. The sale of his early pieces was prodigious,—10, 20, and even 30,000 copies went off in a month or two. This rendered him a desirable object of bookselling speculation; and about the year 1795, Robinson, Golding, and Walker, entered into a treaty to grant him an annuity for his published works; and, on certain conditions, for his unpublished ones. While this was pending, Peter had an attack of asthma, which he did not conceal or palliate; but, at meetings of the parties, his asthma always interrupted the business. A fatal result was of course anticipated, and, instead of a sum of money, an annuity of £250 per annum was preferred. Soon after the bond was signed, Peter called on Walker, the manager for the parties, who, surveying him with a scrutinizing eye, asked him how he did? "Much better, thank you (said Peter): I have taken measure of my asthma; the fellow is troublesome, but I know his strength, and am his master."—"Oh!" said Walker, gravely, and turned into an adjoining room, where Mrs. W. a prudent woman, had been listening to the conversation. Peter, aware of the feeling, paid a keen attention to the husband and wife, and heard the latter exclaim, "There now, didnt I tell you he woudn't die,—fool that you've been,—I knew he woudn't die." Peter enjoyed the joke, and outlived all the parties,—receiving the annuity for twenty-four years, during which various efforts were used to frustrate his claims; for his works, after that period, never netted £100 per annum; and such is the fluctuation of public favour, that his latter pieces seldom paid for the expenses of printing.

SIMPLICITY.

A poor fellow being arraigned at the bar, before the privilege of clergy was universally extended, the judge humanely ordered him to have a book, in which he was desired to read—"Read, bless your lordship," replied the fellow, "I can no more read than the pope of Rome."

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND.

PALMYRA;

A Poem which obtained the Chancellor's Medal at the Cambridge Commencement, July, 1822. By JOHN HENRY BRIGHT, of St. John's College.

Movemur, nescio quo' pacto, ipsis locis in quibus eorum, quos admiramur, adsunt vestigia.

TIME, like a mighty river, deep and strong,
In sullen silence rolls his tide along;
And all that now upborne upon the wave
Ride swiftly on—the monarch and the slave,
Shall sink at last beneath the whelming stream,
And all that once was life become a dream!

Go—look on Greece! her glories long have fled.
Her ancient spirit slumbers with the dead; ·
Deaf to the call of freedom and of fame,
Her sons are Greeks in nothing but the name!
On Tiber's banks, beneath their native sky,
The sad remains of Roman greatness lie;

No longer there the list'ning crowds admire
The swelling tones of Virgil's epic lyre,
Nor conq'ring Cæsar holds resistless sway
O'er realms extended to the rising day.

Yet still to these shall fancy fondly turn,
Still bid the laurel bloom on Maro's urn;
From Brutus' dagger sweep the gath'ring rust,
And call his spirit from its aged dust!
What, tho' each busy scene has ceas'd to live,
It has the charms poetic numbers give;

And ever fresh, as ages roll along,
Revives and brightens in the light of song.

At summer-eve, when ev'ry sound is still,
And daylight fades upon the western hill,
And o'er the blue unfathomable way
Heaven's starry host in cloudless beauty stray;
What holy joys enamour'd fancy feels
As all the past upon the mem'ry steals!

How soft the tints, how pensive, how sublime,
Each image borrows from the touch of Time!
Such winning grace the beauteous image wears,
Seen through the twilight of a thousand years.

Then welcome thou, the subject of my song,
Since to the past such heavenly charms belong;
Won by thy scenes, from all that now appears
My Muse shall turn, and dream of other years,
Turn from the sad realities of fate,
The past revive, the present uncreate,
And from thy modern learn thine ancient state. } }

What boundless charms thy lovely features grace,
O thou, the mother of the human race,
Majestic Asia! to the straining eye
Ten thousand prospects far extended lie;
Thine ample plains with varied beauty please,
Once the bright seats of opulence and ease;
Thy mountain-heights with striking grandeur rise,
Veil'd in dark clouds, or lost in amber skies,
While bursting floods from thund'ring caverns pour
Their foaming tides, with loud and angry roar;
Then, lost in distancee, lave the sunny plains
Where beauty smiles, and peaceful pleasure reigns.

Full in the centre, tow'ring thro' the storm,
See cloudy Taurus lift his rugged form,
Monarch of mountains! Nature's awful throne,
Where grandeur frowns in terrors all his own;

Deep-rooted there, unnumber'd cedars throw
Their giant shadows on the plains below ;
There, loudly gushing from the mountain's side,
Euphrates rolls his dark and rapid tide,
Then far beneath glides silently away,
Through groves of palm and champaigns ever gay.

But as these scenes of sunny calm delight
Recede at length, and vanish from the sight,
What barren solitudes of scorching sand
Deform and desolate the fainting land !
No fresh'ning breeze revives the lifeless air,
No living waters sweetly murmur there,
Dry fevers kindle pestilential fires,—
All nature droops, and wither'd life expires !

But deep embosom'd in that sandy plain,
Like distant isles emerging from the main,
A radiant spot, with loveliest beauty crown'd,
Once bloom'd in contrast with the scenes around,
By Nature's lavish hand profusely grac'd,
The blessed Eden of the joyless waste.
On ev'ry side luxuriant palm-trees grew,
And hence its name the rising city drew,
And tho' their loveliness be pass'd away,
The name still lives, and triumphs o'er decay.
Two shelt'ring hills precipitously swell
On either hand, and form a narrow dell :
Thence to the east, with undulating bend,
Wide and more wide their spreading arms extend,
Then sink at last with slow retiring sweep,
Like distant head-lands sloping to the deep.

Outstretch'd within upon the silent plains
Lies the sad wreck of Tadmor's last remains,
Outliving still, through each succeeding age,
The tempest's fury, and the bigot's rage.
He wants no written record who surveys
But one short hour this scene of other days.
These mould'ring piles, that sink in slow decay,
In stronger characters the tale convey,
Than e'er were trac'd by man's divinest art,—
These speak in simple language to the heart.

Far to the south what scenes of ruin lie,
What sad confusion opens on the eye :
There shatter'd columns swell, a giant train,
Line after line, along the crowded plain,
The loosen'd arch, the roofless colonnade,
Where mid-day crowds imbib'd the cooling shade.

'Tis sweet at eve to climb some rocky steep,
Around whose base the peaceful billows sleep,
And view a summer's sun sink down to rest,
Behind the mountains of the gorgeous west,
One maze of dazzling glory; while below
The ocean-waves with trembling radiance glow.
But sweeter far, at evening's solemn hour,
From the dun battlements of yon rude tow'r,
To see his parting splendours sadly blaze
Around this grave of long-forgotten days.
Mark those bright beams ! how mournfully they shine
Through the still courts of yon deserted shrine,
The sun's proud temple once, whose aged piles
Still fondly catch his first and latest smiles !

Here Desolation cease—thy task is done—
Palmyra yields—thy triumph is begun.
O'er prostrate sculpture raise thy giant throne,
Build here at length an empire all thine own.

Swept by the might of thy destroying arm,
Her noblest work is left of every charm,
Save that alone whose transitory gleam
Gilds the soft scenes of Faney's pictur'd dream.

At her command, from dark oblivion's gloom
Past scenes return, and brighter shapes assume;
Things that have ceas'd to be she moulds anew,
And pours her own creation on the view;
In rapid train her fleeting visions rise,
As lights that gleam in Hyperborean skies,
E'en as she dwells on this deserted fane,
Its pomp revives, its glories live again;
The victim bleeds, the golden altars blaze,
Symphonious voices swell the note of praise;
Hark! what loud tumult rends the echoing skies?
"Awake—awake, lead up the sacrifice;
The hour is come—the dim nocturnal fires
Are fading in the blue—lo, night expires!
The morning star, with pale and dewy ray,
Proclaims the triumph of the King of Day.
Awake—awake—ye shumb'ring crowds; arise,
Come forth, and join the point of sacrifice."

And lo, he comes! triumphant in his might,
One blazing orb of unexhausted light.
Ten thousand glories all around him wait,
His ever-flaming ministers of state;
Ten thousand nations hail him with delight,
Bath'd in the golden tide of ever-flowing light.
Hark! as he rises o'er the middle way,
Thron'd in the fulness of unclouded day,
What sounds of joy, what echoing clamours rise,
Peal after peal, and rattle in the skies!
"Give way, ye crowds—unbar the gates of brass—
Give way, ye crowds, and let the triumph pass."
So when around some bold and rocky shore,
Old Ocean beats with unrelenting roar;
Outward and onward roll the length'ning waves,
Then, swelling, dash upon the yawning caves,
Far, far away, the cavern'd cliffs resound,
And mountain-echoes thunder back the sound.
The day moves on;—as ev'ning shades advance,
Some weave the song, while others lead the dance;
From hill and vale resounding through the sky,
Breaks the full chorus of harmonious joy.
Those thrilling notes! they seem to linger still—
Then sweetly die away o'er yon deserted hill.

It could not be! those accents long have fled,—
Joy, feeling, language, dwell not with the dead.
Here, undisturb'd, upon the voiceless plains
The long dull calm of desolation reigns.
Here ruin builds her adamantine throne,
And silence slumbers on each mould'ring stone.
Where once the hum of thronging nations rose,
No sound disturbs the solemn deep repose,
Save the lone Arab, idly passing by,
With reckless soul and unregarding eye;
Save when at intervals some falling block
Sinks on the plain with harsh-resounding shock,
The shumb'ring desert drinks the hollow sound,
And startled echoes answer all around.

Is this the scene, so desolate and wild,
Where noblest arts in bright perfection smil'd!
Where Commerce emptied all her richest stores,
The nameless treasures of a thousand shores?

Is this the scene where Freedom's purest flame
Led toiling nations in the path of fame?
Their strife has ceas'd, their noise has died away,
Their very tombs are sinking in decay:
The sculptur'd monument, the marble bust,
Descend and mingle with their native dust;
No half-disfigured line remains to tell
How much lamented merit liv'd and fell.

Once lovely scene! along thy mould'ring piles
Tho' ruin frowns, yet beauty sadly smiles;
Some rays of former glory linger yet
In twilight radiance, tho' thy sun is set.
But say, O say, who rightly may disclose
From what first cause thine infant greatness rose;
Who first begun, by what contrivance plac'd,
These splendid piles amid a desert waste?

One little stream,—around whose bubbling head
Umbrageous palms refreshing coolness shed,
First gave the cause from which their glory came,
Palmyra's strength, magnificence, and fame.
A thousand tribes, by distant commerce led,
Soon pour'd their treasures round that fountain-head;
Pass'd and repass'd through all the sandy plain,
From broad Euphrates to the western main,—
The rising mart to strength and splendour came,
Tho' small at first, and grew a mighty name.
Thence o'er the Roman world, with swelling sail,
Proud commerce sprung before the fresh'ning gale,
And Tyrian ships to ev'ry port convey'd
The boundless treasures of Assyrian trade,
E'en Rome herself, at sight of Eastern gold,
Forgot the lessons taught her sons of old;
Plunged in the gulf of ostentatious pride,
She deeply drank the intoxicating tide;
Through ev'ry nerve the vital poison ran,
And Goths achiev'd what luxury began.

Thou Eden of the desert! lovely smil'd
Thy matchless beauty o'er the lonely wild;
'Mid barren solitudes securely plac'd,
Thy native bulwark the surrounding waste,
Tho' loud and harsh the tumult roar'd without
Of Rome triumphant and the Parthian rout,
Peace o'er thy plains her downy pinions spread,
And twin'd the olive for thy blooming head;
Taste, learning, genius, triumph'd in her reign,
And guardian Freedom bless'd the sister train.
Thrice glorious Freedom! on whose hallow'd shrine
Burns ever bright the patriot flame divine,
She, great preceptress, warm with heavenly fire,
Bade thy free sons to worthiest hopes aspire,
Live unsubdued, and equally disdain
To wear the victor's as the despot's chain.

Such were the souls that o'er the proud array
Of banner'd Persia scatter'd wild dismay.
Far in the East, with loud redoubled roll,
The tumult burst upon the tyrant's soul.
Confusion seiz'd his host, and pallid fright
Mark'd with disgrace his ignominious flight.

Then, lovely city, what rejoicings rose—
What songs of triumph from thy palmy groves—
What altars blaz'd—what clouds of incense roll'd
Their rich perfume around thy shrines of gold—
What bursts of rapture echo'd from the throng
As the proud triumph slowly moved along.

Sueh was thy glory once ! a transient gleam
Of brightest sunshine—a delusive dream.
Most like the pageant of thy festal day,
It charm'd a little while ; then passed away.
Or like those varying tints of living light
That gild at eve the portals of the night ;
Alps pil'd on Alps, a glorious prospect rise,
Ten thousand phantoms skirt the glowing skies :
But as we gaze the splendid vision fades,
Lost in the gloom of night's obseuer shades.

O doom'd to fall ! while yet indulgent fate
A few bright years prolongs thy fleeting date,
Thy name shall triumph, and thy laurels bloom,
Ere yet they languish in sepulchral gloom.
And as the breathless pause that oft portends
The rising tempest ere the storm descends,
Thus at the close shall glory's loveliest light
Gild the dark clouds of thine approachsing night.
For tho' the beams of truth's historie page
But faintly gleam through each sueeessive age,
Tho' her reording annals briefly tell
How Tadmor rose, by what disaster fell,
One name at least survives the wreek of time,
From age to age extends, from clime to clime.

Oh ! if departed glory claims a tear,
Let mem'ry pause, and kindly drop it here.
If fond refleetion ever loves to dwell
On those last scenes where royal greatness fell,
Thy reign, Zenobia, and thy deathless name,
Shall live emblazon'd on the roll of fame ;
Adorn the poet's most romantie dream,
Fire all his soul, and be his moral theme.

At length drew nigh th' inexorable hour
Charg'd with the stroke of Rome's destroying pow'r ;
In dread array along the Syrian coast
Mov'd the full strength of her invading host,
Wide o'er the champaign, like a baleful star,
Blaz'd the proud standard of imperial war ;
Pereli'd on the top, the bird of conquest shone,
With glittering wings expanded to the sun.

Yet all undaunted stood the warrior-queen,
Foremost and bravest in the battle-scene.
Quiek at her word, fast binding man with man,
Through ev'ry rank eleetric vigour ran.
Not such the valour of the beauteous maid,
Whose conq'ring steel proud Ilion's fate delay'd ;
Not such in arms the virgin warriors shone,
Who drank thy waters, lmpid Thermodon.
Fair idol of the virtuous and the brave,
Great were thine efforts—but they could not save.
Twice on the plain the dubious confliet burn'd,
Twice to the charge the struggling hosts return'd,
Till at the close, where open valour fail'd,
Art won the day, and stratagem prevail'd.

Thus the proud seat of sciencee and of arms,
In the full promise of her rip'ning eharms,
Palmyra fell !—art, glory, freedom shed
Their dying splendours round her sinking head.

Where was Zenobia then ?—what inward pow'r
Rul'd all her spirit in that awful hour ?
Could Rome, fieree Rome, the fire of valour tame,
Shake the firm soul, or queneh the patriot flame ?
Say, when destruction, blaek'ning all the air,
Let loose the vulture-demons of despair,

When Rome and havoc swept the sadd'ning plain,
And Tadmor fell, when valour toil'd in vain,
Did she not then the gath'ring tempest brave,
And with her country share one common grave?
Oh, sad reverse! what future fate befel
The captive queen—let deepest silence tell.
Ye who the faults of others mildly scan,
Who know perfection was not made for man,
In pity pause—O be not too severe,
But o'er Zenobia's weakness drop a tear.

Turn from the scene of her disastrous fate,
The wrongs that mark'd her last embitter'd state,
And see Longinus in his dying hour
Spurn the fierce Roman, and defy his pow'r.
In vain the tyrant roll'd his redd'ning eye,
It aw'd not him who trembled not to die.
To his sad friends he breath'd a last farewell,
And Freedom triumph'd as her martyr fell.
His daring soul, in death serenely great,
Smil'd on the scene, and glory'd in her fate,
Spread her glad wings, and steer'd her flight sublime
Beyond the storms of nature and of time.

MODERN.

FROM THE EDINBURGH PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

On a Species of Earthy Matter spontaneously Combustible. By JOHN MURRAY, Esq. F. L. S., M. W. S., &c. &c. Communicated by the Author.

As you had the goodness to insert in a former number of the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal, the results of a chemical investigation of the properties of a liquid matter which I collected in the crater of Vesuvius, I have taken the liberty of submitting a description of a peculiar species of earthy matter, dug up at *Ashleyhag*, in the parish of *Wirksworth*, *Derbyshire*, which is remarkable for its *spontaneous combustion*. I have not been able to submit it to a very minute examination, but intend to do this when at leisure, and I may then have it in my power to send you a more rigorous analysis. This remarkable earthy matter was discovered about fifteen years ago, about six feet below the surface soil, by labourers engaged in “soughing” some land, situated on a declivity nearly at the base and S.W. side of Allpont, the greatest elevation in the south of Derbyshire. The following are the strata incumbent on this substance:

Surface soil, from 6 to 8 inches deep.	
White clay,	2 feet thick.
Blue clay,	3 feet thick.

Then proceeds,

The substance referred to, 3 feet thick.

Underneath this is a stratum of lapideous matter, called by the people *Toadstone*, (amygdaloid,) but which is a simple aggregated mass or *Breccia*, composed of fragmented pieces of a dark red sandstone, agglutinated by peroxide of iron. The water beneath these deposits is an ochrey sediment.

This peculiar matter was immediately pronounced to be a rich and valuable soil, and consequently a considerable quantity was removed and put up into a heap near the garden wall, for the purpose of employ-

ing it in horticulture. It had only lain in this form twelve or fourteen days, when it emitted *copious volumes of smoke*, accompanied with a *powerful sulphureous smell*. The farmers, in order to extinguish it, ordered *water* to be thrown into the mass. This, however, only increased the evil, and, at the imminent hazard of suffocation, it was necessarily removed to a distance.

A small quantity had been scattered on some meadow-land. The grass *immediately withered*, and several years elapsed before it recovered its wonted fertility.

The residue of *two cart loads* (after this spontaneous combustion), would not fill a *wheelbarrow*.

The external or physical characters of this substance would induce us to believe it to be a rich dark mould. It is mingled with fragments and fibres of decayed wood, and with glistening metallic particles. It has a considerable avidity for moisture, and soon becomes humid. Dissolved in distilled water it possesses a ferruginous and styptic taste.

When ignited in a platinum spoon with a spirit-lamp, it becomes light brown, with interspersed minute shining particles, apparently metallic. It glows in this flame like pyrophorus, giving off copious and sulphureous vapours. The sulphurous acid gas thus found was announced by its peculiar smell and dense smoke, when a stopper moistened with ammonia was brought near.

From experiments made, its probable constituents, *on the effusion of water*, are carbonaceous matter, *muricate of soda* and *magnesia*, and the *sulphates of lime, lead, copper, and iron*.

Its spontaneous ignition may be accounted for, by the united action of air and water on the sulphur, in contact with metalline and carbonaceous matter, analogous to the phenomena sometimes exhibited in the aluminous schistus at the Hurlet mine, near Paisley; or, that of a paste of sulphur and iron filings, when moistened.

On the Detection of very minute quantities of Arsenic and Mercury.
By James Smithson, Esq. F. R. S.

(To the Editor of the *Annals of Philosophy*.)

Sir—To be able to discover exceedingly small quantities of arsenic and mercury must, on many occasions, prove conducive to the purposes of the chemist and the mineralogist, more especially now that a very diminished scale of experiment, highly to the advantage of these sciences, is becoming daily more generally adopted.

But the occasion above all others in which the power of doing this is important, are those of poisonings. In these it is often of the first moment to be able to pronounce with certainty, from portions of matter of extreme minuteness, on the existence and the nature of the poison.

OF ARSENIC.

I have already communicated the method here proposed for the discovery of arsenic by employing it in the analysis of the compound sulphuret of lead and arsenic from Upper Valais, printed in the *Annals of Philosophy* for August, 1819, but not having mentioned the

generality of its application, or the great accuracy of it, it seems not superfluous, from the importance of the subject, to resume it.

If arsenic, or any of its compounds, is fused with nitrate of potash, arseniate of potash is produced, of which the solution affords a brick-red precipitate with nitrate of silver.

In cases where any sensible portion of the potash of the nitre has become set free, it must be saturated with acetous acid, and the saline mixture dried and redissolved in water.

So small is the quantity of arsenic required for this mode of trial, that a drop of a solution of oxide of arsenic in water, which, at a heat of 54.5° Fahr. contains not above 1-80th of oxide of arsenic,* put to nitrate of potash in the platina spoon and fused, affords a considerable quantity of arseniate of silver. Hence when no solid particle of oxide of arsenic can be obtained, the presence of it may be established by infusing in water the matters which contain it.

The degree in which this test is sensible is readily determined.

With 5.2 grains of silver, I obtained 6.4 grains of arseniate of silver; but 0.65 grain of silver was recovered from the liquors, so that the arseniate had been furnished by 4.55 grains of silver.

In a second trial 7.7 grains of silver, but of which only 6.8 grains precipitated, yielded 9.5 grains of arseniate.

The mean is 140.17 from 100 of silver.

If we suppose 100 of silver to form 107.5 of oxide, we shall have

Oxide of silver	107.50
Acid of arsenic	32.67

Consequently 1 of acid of arsenic will produce 4.29 of arseniate of silver; 1 of white oxide of arsenic, 4.97; and 1 of arsenic 6.56.

OF MERCURY.

All the oxides and saline compounds of mercury laid in a drop of marine acid on gold with a bit of tin, quickly amalgamate the gold.

A particle of corrosive sublimate, or a drop of a solution of it, may be thus tried. The addition of marine acid is not required in this case.

Quantities of mercury may be rendered evident in this way which could not be so by any other means.

This method will exhibit the mercury in cinnabar. It must be previously boiled with sulphuric acid in the platina spoon to convert it into sulphate.

Cinnabar heated in solution of potash on gold amalgamates it. A most minute quantity of metallic mercury may be discovered in a powder by placing it in nitric acid on gold, drying, and adding muriatic acid and tin.

A trial I made to discover mercury in common salt by the present method was not successful, owing, perhaps, to the smallness of the quantity which I employed. I am, sir, yours, &c.

JAMES SMITHSON.

INFLUENCE OF GREEN FRUITS UPON THE AIR.

M. Theodore de Saussere has given the following as the results of his experiments on this subject:

Green fruits have the same influence as leaves upon the air both in

* *Chimie de Thenard*, II. p. 167.

sunshine and darkness; their action differs only in intensity, which is greatest in the leaves. During the night they cause the oxygen of their atmosphere to disappear, and they replace it by carbonic acid gas, part of which they absorb; this absorption is generally less in the open air than under a receiver.

In the dark they absorb more oxygen, when green, than when they are becoming ripe. During their exposure to the sun, they extricate, either wholly or partially, the oxygen of the carbonic acid they absorb during the night, and leave no trace of this acid in their atmosphere. Several fruits, detached from the plant, thus add oxygen gas to air which contained no carbonic acid. When their vegetation is very feeble or languid, they corrupt the air under all circumstances, but less in the sun than in darkness.

Green fruits detached from the plant, and exposed to the successive action of night and the sun, alter the air but little either in purity or volume; the slight variations observable in this respect depend either upon their greater or less power of forming carbonic acid, or upon their composition, which is modified by the degree of their maturity; thus green grapes appear to assimilate a small quantity of the oxygen of the carbonic acid which they form in the air that they vegetate in night and day; while grapes which are nearly ripe, exhibit in their atmosphere entirely during the day, the oxygen of the acid which they produced in darkness. If there be no mistake in this result, which was not strongly marked, but constant in all my experiments, it denotes the passage from the acid to the sweet state, indicating that the acidity of green fruits tends to fix the oxygen gas of the atmosphere, and that this acidity disappears when the fruit imbibes only carbon from the air or carbonic acid.

Green fruits decompose, either totally or in part, not only the carbonic acid which they have produced during the night, but also that which is artificially added to their atmosphere. When the latter experiment is made with watery fruits, and which, such as apples and grapes, evolve the acid gas slowly; they are observed to absorb in the sun, a much greater portion of gas than an equal quantity of water would do in a similar mixture. They afterwards disengage the oxygen of the absorbed acid, and thus appear to form it in their interior. Their power of decomposing carbonic acid becomes weaker as they ripen.

During vegetation, they absorb the oxygen and hydrogen of water, depriving it of its fluid form. These results are frequently unobservable, excepting when the volume of air exceeds that of the fruit 30 or 40 times, and the heating action of the sun is much weakened: if these precautions be neglected, several fruits corrupt the air, even in the sun by forming carbonic acid with the surrounding oxygen; but still, in the latter case, the mere comparison of their effect in the dark, with that which they produce under the successive influence of night and of the sun, shows that they decompose carbonic acid.

The differences of Mr. Berard's results and mine are principally derived from the circumstance of his having enclosed the fruits in a space not exceeding six or eight times their volume, which was too small to prevent their suffering from the proximity or contact of the sides of the receiver heated by the sun. Some succulent plants resist this trial, and my results with the *cactus*, may have induced this chemist to treat fruits by the same process; but several of them require

more careful management, not only than succulent plants, but even than the most delicate leaves. I think also that he ought to have nourished the fruits with a little water; the appearance of freshness which he observed in them after the experiments, might have some foundation if he had been experimenting with leaves which lose their appearance and consistence by the least drying, but it is of little value with respect to thick and fleshy fruits, which may deteriorate and lose weight, without giving any indications by mere inspection.

If my remarks have shown a slight error in this single point in the memoir of M. Berard, it is too rich in new and well observed facts, to have its value diminished by it. [Annals de Chimie et de Physique.

FROM THE PHILOSOPHICAL MAGAZINE.

Analysis of the Rose.—From 1000 gramines of the petals of the white Provençal rose lately analysed by M. F. Cartier, he obtained by incineration a residuum of 99 grs. containing subcarbonate of potash, phosphate, and traces of muriate of potash, carbonate of lime, phosphate of lime, traces of phosphate of magnesia, silica, and oxide of iron. The quantity of the last was ascertained to be 12.5. From 1000 of red roses he procured only 50 of residuum, containing no more than 4 oxide of iron. [Journal de Phar.

Damp in Walls.—An easy and efficacious way of preventing the effects of damp walls upon paper in rooms, has lately been used (and as we understand) with complete success. It consists of lining the wall or the damp part of it with sheet lead, purposely rolled very thin: this is fastened up with small copper nails, which not being subject to rust, are very durable, and the whole may be immediately covered with paper.

The lead is not thicker than that which is used in the chests in which tea is imported, and is made in sheets, of which the width is about that of common paper hangings. We have seen some which was rolled at the lead-mill of Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. at Pateley Bridge, in Yorkshire, and which was as light as eight ounces, and even four ounces to a square foot, and yet quite impermeable to water.

The remedy for a very disagreeable occurrence is thus rendered not only easy but very cheap.

Singular Phenomenon.—A number of hagberry trees, growing on the banks of the Girvan, about a mile beyond Kirkmichael, are at present entirely divested of their foliage, and covered with a sort of silky substance resembling in texture and appearance, the finest cambric paper, but much stronger, which is occasioned by myriads of small worms. These reptiles are first seen in an inactive state, hanging in large clusters under the branches. On bursting from embryo, they commence to crawl up and down the trunk and branches, each emitting a small slimy thread, somewhat finer than the spider's, which, from their incalculable numbers, unite together, and form this singular substance, which covers the trees, and imparts to them, when viewed from a distance, the appearance of blighted trunks covered

with snow. Some hundreds of these insects are at times observed suspended by as many threads, which are spun out till they join another branch, and form a passage across.

Husbandry.—That variety of *Phalaris arundinacea*, which is frequently planted in our gardens, and is called *ribbon grass*, or *striped grass*, might be cultivated to very considerable advantage by the farmer. It is a very hardy plant; it affords excellent food for cattle; it may be cut three or four times in the summer: and what is not the least of its merits, it will produce an earlier crop than almost any other grass. It thrives very well on dry ground, though it rather prefers moist situations. It has been tried in the south of England with success. A quarter of an acre of land dedicated to experiments on this grass will not be wasted. It is very easily cultivated, as it grows rapidly from bits of the roots being planted in the ground, either by ploughing them in with a very shallow furrow, or by setting them in a hole made by a pointed stick.

Curious mass of Iron and Zinc.—A curious concrete mass of iron and zinc, in weight more than a pound, has been presented to the Liverpool Royal Institution from a friend in London. It is part of the *residuum* which remained in an oven in which some millions of bank notes had been burnt, and is supposed to have been amalgamated from the materials which have entered into the composition of the ink.

Improved Horse-shoes.—Col. Goldfinch, of Hythe, has obtained a patent for a new method in the formation of horse-shoes. The improvement consists in making the horse-shoe in two parts, or separating it in two pieces, by cutting it through near the toes. The object of the contrivance is, that the frogs of the horse's hoof may be enabled to expand and grow in a healthy state. The separation is to be made in an indented form, and the two parts fastened together by pins. It is further proposed to attach the shoe to a horse's hoof, by driving the nails obliquely, as in the French manner of shoeing. For this purpose, the situations of the nail-holes are to be from about one-third to half the width of the shoe distant from its outer edge, and tending in a slanting direction outwards.

Mathematical Discovery.—Mr. Herapath, of Cranford, who has lately become known by his physico-mathematical writings on the cause and laws of heat, attraction, and other phenomena, has just finished a discovery of the greatest importance in the mathematics. It is well known that Newton and succeeding mathematicians have extended their inquiries merely to fluxions and fluents or differentials and integrals of the form $d^{\pm 1}$, $d^{\pm 2}$, $d^{\pm 3}$, $d^{\pm 4}$, &c. which indices in whole numbers only; and to functions of the same form, $\psi^{\pm 1}$, $\psi^{\pm 2}$, &c. regarding others, with even simple rational fractions, as transcending the powers of analysis. Mr. Herapath has, however, discovered a method of great simplicity and beauty, which is applicable to differentials, integrals, and functions of every possible form; whether the indices be whole, fractional, rational, irrational, or even functional, and imaginary. It has besides the advantage of not

being confined to any particular species of calculation ; but is investigated on those general principles, that it extends itself with equal facility to every kind of calculus that is or appears likely to be discovered ; and if the direct calculus be possible, it always makes the inverse or any real function of it equally possible.

Manufacture of Glass.—M. Westrumb is said to have found, that the salts of potash and soda, deprived of their water of crystallization, answer as well as the pure alkali, for the manufacture of glass. In order to make an excellent glass, 24 parts of sulphate of soda are thoroughly dried, and mixed with 8 parts of powdered charcoal, and 16 of good white sand. The mixture must be calcined in the drying oven, until the sulphate is dissipated, and is then put into the pots for fusion.

[*Annales Gen. de Phys. de Bruxelles*, May, 1820.]

Cleansing of Orchard Trees by Lime.—The use of lime has been highly recommended in the dressing of old moss-eaten orchard trees. Some fresh-made lime being slaked with water, and some old worn-out apple-trees well dressed with it with a brush, the result was that the insects and moss were destroyed, the outer rind fell off, and a new, smooth, clear, healthy one formed : the trees, although twenty years old, assuming a most healthy appearance.

Preservation of Eggs.—Eggs may be preserved, according to M. Cadet, a great length of time in lime-water containing excess of lime. An excellent mode of preserving them also, is to place them for about 20 seconds in barley-water ; then remove, dry, and put them by. Eggs may be well salted throughout, if laid in brine for 8 or 10 days, and may then be preserved a great length of time.

Magnetism affected by Earthquakes.—M. Arago has transmitted to the French Academy of Sciences, an account of an observation he had made, which proves that the recent earthquake, the shocks of which were felt at Lyons and its neighbourhood, also extended its action to Paris. M. Arago has an observatory at Paris, for the purpose of observing the variations of the magnetic needle. On the 19th February, the needle remained perfectly steady until half-past eight o'clock ; at a quarter before nine, it became agitated in a very extraordinary manner, with an oscillatory motion in the direction of its length. On observing this truly singular phenomenon, M. Arago was of opinion that it was occasioned by an earthquake.

At the same day and hour, M. Biot remarked an oscillating movement produced by the same earthquake, at his own residence in the College de France.

Proper State of Prussic Acid for Medicinal Use.—A series of experiments have been undertaken by a company of associated physicians, surgeons, and naturalists at Florence, to determine the best state of the hydrocyanic or prussic acid for medicinal purposes. The experiments were made with great care, and varied several ways. Different preparations of the substance were used, rabbits being the animals on which they were tried. Their joint opinion is expressed as follows :

“We may then conclude, from our researches, that the essential oil of the *prunus lauracerasus* is to be preferred in medicinal practice to all other preparations which contain the hydrocyanic acid: for, unlike the distilled water of the plant and pure prussic acid, it contains the same proportion of the acid, and is of the same power, whether recently prepared or old, when made in one place or another, after exposure to the air, to light, or to heat. We think also that the oil of olives, or of almonds, is the most proper vehicle in the proportion of an ounce to 12 drops of the essence, or in a smaller dose when employed by friction externally.”

Switzerland.—A machine has lately been introduced at *Lausanne*, in Switzerland, for making bread, that is, for preparing the fermentation of the dough, which seems to deserve imitation in other countries. It is simply a deal box, a foot in breadth and height, and two feet in length, placed on supports, by which it is turned by a handle like the cylinder used for roasting coffee. One side of the box opens with a hinge, to admit the dough, and the box is turned round. The time requisite to produce fermentation depends on the temperature of the air, the quickness of the turning, and other circumstances. But, when the operation is performed, it is known by the shrill hissing of the air making its escape, which generally happens in half an hour. The leaven is always extremely well raised; perhaps too much, sometimes. The labour is nothing, for the machine, such as this here described, may be turned by a child. No hooks, points, cross-bars, or any other contrivance, can be wanted within the box, to break or separate the mass of dough; for these operations are sufficiently effected by the adhesion of the dough to the sides of the box. If the machine be made of greater length, and divided by cross partitions at right angles to the sides, different kinds of dough may be prepared at the same time. One evident advantage of such a contrivance is, that bread, manufactured in this way, must be perfectly clean and free from any accidental soiling.

The *Odyssey* of Homer, translated into English prose, as literally as the idioms of the Greek and the English languages allow, with explanatory notes, by a Member of the University of Oxford, will soon appear, in two volumes octavo.

Capt. *MANBY*, author of “the Means of saving Persons from Shipwreck,” has nearly ready for publication, a *Journal of a Voyage to Greenland in the Year 1821*, with graphic illustrations, in one volume, quarto.

A very interesting experiment has been made of steam vessels on canals, in the *Union Canal* at Edinburgh, with a large boat, twenty-eight feet long, constructed with an *internal* movement. The boat had twenty-six persons on board; and, although drawing fifteen inches of water, she was propelled by only four men at the rate of between four and five miles an hour, while the agitation of the water was confined entirely to the centre of the canal.

The Life and Times of Daniel de Foe, with a copious account of his writings, and anecdotes of several of his contemporaries, are preparing by WALTER WILSON, esq.

The following Scientific Works were published in July.

A Practical Treatise on the Strength of Cast Iron; intended for the Assistance of Engineers, Iron Masters, Architects, &c. Also an Account of some Experiments, with an extensive Table of the Properties of Materials. By Thomas Treadgold, Civil Engineer. 8vo. Four Plates. 12s.

A Letter to Sir Humphrey Davy, Bart. on the Application of Machinery to the Purpose of calculating and printing Mathematical Tables. By Charles Babbage, Esq. MA. Member of the Cambridge Philosophical Society, and Secretary to the Astronomical Society of London. 4to. 1s. 6d.

Lectures on the Elements of Botany: containing the Descriptive Anatomy of those Organs on which the Growth and Preservation of Vegetables depend. By Anthony Todd Thomson, FLS. MRCS. With Plates and Numerous Wood-Cuts. 8vo. Vol. I. 1l. 8s.

The Study of Medicine: comprising its Physiology, Pathology, and Practice. By John Mason Good, MD. FRS. Member of the Royal College of Physicians, London, &c. 8vo. 4 large Vols.

On the Use and Abuse of Friction, with some Remarks on Motion and Rest, as applicable to the Cure of various Surgical Diseases, and particularly Gout and Rheumatism. By John Bacott, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London. 8vo. 2s. sewed.

Observations on the Anatomy, Physiology, and Pathology of the Nervous System. By J. Swan, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons. 8vo. With Nine Plates. 10s. 6d.

The Seats and Causes of Diseases investigated by Anatomy; containing a great Variety of Dissections, and accompanied with Remarks. By John Baptist Magagni, Chief Professor of Anatomy, and President of the University at Padua. Abridged, and elucidated with copious Notes. By W. Cooke, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London. 2 Vols. Thick 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.

THE MARINER'S SONG.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

and to condense, in as attractive and popular a form as they can, the interesting intelligence they may furnish.

As the present undertaking is designed to be subservient to the promotion of the views of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Church, the proceedings of that society—all its publications—and whatever, in regard to it, it may be thought expedient to make known, will always have a prominent place in the "Record;" which will thus, it is hoped, prove an efficient auxiliary to the society.

Besides the contents of a missionary character, it will be a favourite object with the Editors, to circulate ecclesiastical intelligence of a domestic nature. Whatever of an interesting description takes place in the General or State Conventions, or in any part of the Church, shall be immediately signalized in our pages. For this purpose, the form of our work—that of a weekly publication—while it will have a tendency to keep alive an interest in the general design, is particularly convenient.

Nor is it intended to confine the work to the preceding objects. Short essays of a practical nature, especially those enforcing the duty, or illustrating the benefits of aiding the missionary cause, domestic or foreign, will always be gladly welcomed, and are accordingly most respectfully invited.

With these views and objects, the Editors commit their undertaking to the Great Head of the Church, with the prayer that he will favourably dispose the hearts of the members of his mystical body, to co-operate herein, and thus to manifest their love and allegiance to him, whose blessed will and peremptory command it is, that his "gospel should be preached to every creature."

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